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THE STRIKE OF THE SWITCHMEN AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. J. BAKER.—[SEE PAGE 823.]

SENTRIES STOPPING SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS AT FREIGHT YARDS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CAMPAIGN ARRANGEMENTS.

THE present political campaign opened in a peculiar manner. It is generally believed that under the circumstances now existing New York is the pivotal State in our Presidential elections. Whenever a party leader on either the Republican or the Democratic side begins to speculate about his party carrying the Presidential election without carrying the State of New York, he is looked upon as a man in a troubled state of mind, regarding the chances of his party as desperate, and staking its fortunes upon an extremely remote possibility. But this time we are confronted by the singular fact that in both the Republican and the Democratic national conventions the most prominent leaders of both the Republican and the Democratic party machines in New York emphatically affirmed that the candidates who were most favored by those conventions, and who were then actually nominated, could not possibly carry the State of New York. Thus each candidate, Mr. HARRISON as well as Mr. CLEVELAND, has hanging over him the positive prediction of the influential machine leaders of his own party that he cannot hope to win the electoral vote of the one State which is necessary to his success in the general election. And yet nothing is more certain than that the prophets cannot be both right, and that either Mr. HARRISON or Mr. CLEVELAND will carry off the prize. On whose side will be the advantage? A superficial consideration of the case would suggest the answer that, other things being equal, he will have the best chance of success who most completely succeeds in winning the hearty and active support of those among the members of his party who carried the opposition to his nomination even to the length of predicting his defeat. This would be the view of the "practical politician." It would be considered "good politics." Whether it will turn out to be good politics depends entirely upon the means used to attain the end.

It happens, no doubt, frequently that party men, having ever so vehemently opposed the nomination of a candidate, even to the extremity of predicting his defeat, afterwards in perfect good faith exert themselves to secure his election. This is done even without a very painful sacrifice of feeling by men who have the public interest sincerely at heart, and who are in the habit of yielding to it considerations of a selfish nature. But the prophets of defeat in the national conventions at Minneapolis and at Chicago were not of that class. They were machine politicians. What the machine politician ordinarily has in view is not a cause, but an advantage to himself directly or to his organization. He serves protection or tariff reform only to make protection or tariff reform serve him. An ante-nomination prophet of this stamp will be very apt to consider that the failure of so positive a prediction will involve to him a serious loss of prestige, and with the loss of prestige a loss of power—that his predictions may be stripped of their credit, and his threats of their terrors, for all time to come. He may, however, find it in his interest to make loud protestations of party fidelity; to shout for the candidates; to display all the outward symptoms of zeal in party work. He may even at times persuade himself into a self delusion of sincerity in all this. But the question will always come back to him whether his personal advantage and that of his organization would not, after all, be best served by a result of the election enabling them to say: "We predicted this disaster in time because we understood the situation better than others. Our advice was scorned. Then, the nomination made, we did, as faithful party men, all in our power to avert the catastrophe. It was in vain. You see now we were good counsellors. Make a note of it for the future." A lurking wish for the fulfilment of the prediction of defeat will hardly fail to accompany reasoning like this.

Such will be the state of mind of the ante-nomination prophets, and it will remain essentially the same, no matter what means be resorted to by the party managers "to make them feel pleasant," or to "placate" them, as the current saying is. But it will be so on both sides alike, and the effects, counterbalancing each other, may therefore not be appreciable as to the general result. There may, however, be a difference, and a very serious one in effect, in the impression produced upon the public mind by the efforts made by this or that candidate, or his managers, to propitiate the dissatisfied elements. If these are simply permitted, or even invited, to join the procession and to work for the success of the cause represented by their party and its candidates respectively, no fault can be found. But whenever the "placating" involves any concession of principle, or any pledge of policy or promise of future action, or anything in any degree in the nature of a bargain, the party manager will do well to consider whether the loss by the operation will not far outweigh the possible gain. The result of the Presidential election will this time be more than ordinarily affected by an independent public opinion. No arrangement having the appearance of a bargain can be made on either side without arousing suspicion on the part of many intelligent and public-spirited citizens, and their positive disapproval and active resentment when the matter passes beyond the stage of suspicion. "Practical politicians" are apt to be remarkably shortsighted in this respect. If they were not, they would easily see that under existing circumstances the candidate who "placates" least will run the least danger of losing votes.

THE APPORTIONMENT CASE.

THE questions discussed in the mandamus case in which the constitutionality and legality of the last apportionment bill is raised are of great importance and interest.

The practice of gerrymandering States in dividing them into Legislative and Congressional districts is one of the most grievous evils of partisanship. Both parties have been guilty. Each has reaped the gain of unfair apportionments, and each has suffered from the loss. Heretofore it has been rather assumed that the voters alone held the power of punishing legislators who thus violated their oaths of office, but the popular tribunal is inadequate when, as in this case, a wrong has been long continued and a bad practice has become a matter of course.

In the New York case the courts have been asked to intervene, and one of the questions urged by the counsel for the Republicans, and decided in their favor by Judge RUMSEY, is directed to the fairness of the apportionment. The judges have not heretofore been asked to review the Legislature's exercise of its discretion, and the wisdom of employing the machinery of justice for the settlement of political differences and party disputes will always be doubted.

Four questions were submitted to Judge RUMSEY. Three of them were questions of law. One involved the decision of a question of fact, to wit, the fair-mindedness of the majority of the Legislature. The first question was whether the Legislature could enumerate the people of the State in any year except 1885 until another ten years had passed. The Constitution provides that the enumeration shall take place every ten years, beginning with 1855. The Legislature did not provide for the census in 1885, nor was any census law passed until last year. The Republicans insist that the year 1885 having been passed, there could be no enumeration until 1895. The Democrats contend, and their contention is sustained, that a partisan Legislature cannot take advantage of its own wrong, and by preventing an enumeration which would increase the representation of the growing cities, maintain itself in power. A fair census taken at any time during these seven years would have necessarily increased the Democratic membership in both the Senate and Assembly, and it is this which has made the Republican objection to the enumeration seem purely partisan, although, as a matter of fact, neither party is free from responsibility for the delay.

The Constitution provides that the apportionment of the State shall be made at the session next following that at which the enumeration was ordered. The apportionment in this case was made at an extra session called for that purpose by Governor FLOWER. The object of the session was undoubtedly to give to the Democrats the advantage of increased representation this year. This, however, is not to be considered if, as the courts seem to think, the extra session was such a session as the Constitution contemplated.

The third objection to the apportionment is that in making it "colored persons not taxed" were not excepted from the totals of inhabitants. The Constitution of 1846 provided that in dividing the State into districts according to population, aliens and colored persons not taxed should not be counted. At that time no colored person could vote in this State unless he was possessed of $250 in taxable property. But the amendment to the Federal Constitution made this provision obsolete, and untaxed negroes have been counted because by the suffrage amendment they have become voters.

The Constitution requires the Legislature to divide the State into districts equal in population "as nearly as may be." County lines, however, cannot be broken; and each county, except Franklin and Hamilton, must have at least one Assemblyman. This prevents an exactly even division, and prevents New York County, for example, from having as large a ratio of representation to population as the smaller counties possess. Some districts must have larger constituencies than others, and the Constitution has left it to the Legislature to determine how the necessary inequalities are to be distributed.

The majority of the Legislature, of course, is always partisan, and divides the State for its own advantage. The courts are now asked to interfere for the correction of this partisanship, and if it is decided that the discretion of the Legislature is reviewable by the judges, it is quite possible that the courts will suffer a diminution of that respect which is essential to the proper conduct of our system of jurisprudence. A judicial gerrymander would work very much more harm than ever resulted from a legislative gerrymander.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CABINET.

MR. GLADSTONE'S cabinet is rich in men of experience and ability. To say nothing of the Premier himself, no English government of recent years has included a group of stronger men than Earl ROSEBERY (Foreign Affairs), Sir WILLIAM VERNON-HARCOURT (the Exchequer), JOHN MORLEY (Secretary for Ireland), Mr. FOWLER (Local Government Board), Marquis of Ripon (the Colonies), and Mr. BRYCE (the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster). Three of these men at least, Earl ROSEBERY, Mr. MORLEY, and Mr. BRYCE, are known wherever the English tongue is spoken—the latter two as men of letters, and all three as statesmen who are also scholars and thinkers. Were this a cabinet with a secure tenure of office in prospect, and a reasonable chance of carrying out the policy it might devise, its outlook would be very flattering, and England might hope from it wise and active leadership. It cannot be said, however, that this Ministry is likely to have a long career. Mr. GLADSTONE, despite his marvellous powers, is very old; his task is a complex one; his time cannot but be short.

This fact, we take it, explains one feature of the cabinet selections that arouses intense and even bitter criticism in certain circles. The Radicals are deeply offended at the omission to give them a more mighty representation. In fact, they cannot be said to have any direct representative in the government. Mr. JOHN MORLEY comes nearest to being one; but he has for a long time been so avowedly conservative in his methods, so ready to carry out the ideas of his masterly essay on "Compromise," that his radical opinions, adopted and advocated from time to time, fade to the pale complexion of *velléités*, and the Radical politicians regard him with more distrust than confidence. Mr. FOWLER, too, though a pronounced non-conformist, and on the religious side inclined to radicalism, is essentially a conservative in action, an embodiment of the cautious, hard-headed, rather slow and hesitant middle-class ideal. The man on whom the Radicals had fixed their hopes, Mr. LABOUCHERE, is not, in the slang of the day, "in it," and that is the real grievance of his party. He had expected to be chosen, and his friends had equally expected it, and with reason. Despite his light way of setting a lance in rest at things devoutly respected by the average Englishman, Mr. LABOUCHERE is a man of broad mind, reasonableness, and foresight. He is conceded to be unselfish, he is known to be at bottom very serious as to every one but himself, and if he is the *enfant terrible* of the Liberal party, that may be more to the discredit of the party than to his own.

The explanation that the Queen would not accept Mr. LABOUCHERE's name is not even a plausible one. Mr. GLADSTONE could not afford to make it, if it were true, and though the Queen has very good reasons for disliking the editor of *Truth*, she is not likely to have taken this way of showing it. The fact we have alluded to is probably the real explanation of the omission of the Radical representative. Mr. GLADSTONE knows that he has a tremendous work to do in a time that cannot be long at best, and may be very short. He has marshalled his forces with reference to carrying out his plan of home-rule first, letting English reforms, on which the Radicals are bent, take their chance in the future. For them he feels that other men will suffice; for his own object he feels that he alone can be depended on. His policy is thus a rational one, but there is something pathetic, almost tragic, in the spectacle of this mighty intellect struggling with such a task on the verge of the grave.

CO-OPERATIVE FAIRING.

THE summer of 1892 being on its last legs, surviving heads of families have already begun to plan how and where they are going to pass the summer of 1893. In these days, when every summer brings its problem to thousands of migratory families, prudent and forehanded people begin to ruminate on the problem ahead just as soon as the one in hand has got to a point where it takes care of itself and needs only perfunctory attention. In this particular they form a habit analogous to that of authors, in whose brains the book in prospect begins to take form as the book in hand approaches completion. Certainly the traits of the summer now departing have been exceptionally fit to impress upon the minds of responsible citizens the importance of seeing to it in time that their dependent charges shall pass the dog-days next year under the most favorable conditions. The architects may expect busy times throughout the fall planning cottages for scorched families whose tardy flight to the sea-shore gave them an experience of life in hotel attics that they will not wish to repeat.

And besides, there is a special complication ahead which is not to be dealt with off-hand. There is that fair in Chicago. It is not a function which a conscientious American will experience or not as he finds convenient. Convenience will not enter into the problem except as a secondary consideration. He will go to the fair, of course, unless he is bedridden, locked up, or unable to provide the necessary transportation; and he will take along as many of his family as are reasonably movable and old enough to take in what they see. As for convenience, there will not be apt to be any convenience about it. It will take a good deal of time and a good deal of money, and every day in Chicago will include a day's work. Any one who intends to make it a vacation trip, and get the "rest and change" out of it that

a vacation trip is bound to furnish, cannot begin too early to plan, or work his details out too carefully.

Of course for people with due energy, money, and leisure there will be no particular difficulty about doing the fair. They can go at any time and in any way, and buy and crowd their way through, and rest as long as is necessary after they have finished. Moreover, they can choose their time, and can wait until the cool weather comes. There will be many thousand such visitors. But the mass of the crowd will be made up of people whose exigencies compel them to make the most of their time, their money, and their strength. For such people there are more or less fear and trembling in the prospect of journeying by rail to Chicago in July or August; of being jostled by an enormous crowd; of hunting a fevered repose in the top of a sixteen-story hotel, with limitless possibilities in the matter of temperature, and uncertainties in the matter of food.

But there is a simple way to avoid all these possibilities of mischance, which is to go to the fair in a yacht. No doubt yacht-owners will do that very thing without prompting or previous notice. But it may be worth considering, and if so, it is not too early to think about it, whether expecting fair-goers who do not own yachts might not, by taking due forethought, arrange to band themselves Bellamistically together and gain a temporary usufruct of yachtsmen's privileges. To charter a suitable water-palace at Buffalo, navigate it to Chicago, tie it up to the end of a dock, and oscillate between it and the fair-grounds for a fortnight, would be a way of fairing that would rob the enterprise of many of its midsummer terrors. All things, we are taught, can be made to work together for good for them who can co-operate. Co-operation on a vast scale is to make the fair. It remains to be tested how far co-operation in a smaller way can overcome the natural obstacles to viewing it. That it will be tested is not doubtful. Associated families, and all manner of other organizations, will charter cars together, and hire houses which they will occupy in turn. If they don't hire steamers and house-boats on the same plan, it will be because they don't think of it in time, or because the difficulties and inconveniences and cost of that method are a good deal greater than at this distance seems necessary.

OUR BEAUTIFUL WATERS.

It must occur to any old New-Yorker who will take the trouble to visit the neighboring waters of the town that his fellow-citizens are beginning to realize their worth, and to put them to account in recreation and in the pursuit of health. The time is not very long gone by when the Long Island Sound, the splendid harbor, and the Hudson River were simply ways of travel. To-day they are also both pleasure and health resorts.

There is no city in the world, unless it may be Athens or Constantinople, that is blessed with such enchanting waters as ours. Trade and commerce have done much to disfigure the shores on which nature poured its beauties with a lavish hand, but within a few miles of our busiest streets the wooded hills slope down into pleasing bays, where fish abound, where sport is plentiful, and where the air that burns and blasts when it is heated in the brick cañons of the town, cools the fevered brow, and fills with life-giving oxygen the hungry lungs.

Year by year the people of the metropolis are giving increased evidence of appreciation of this beautiful gift of water. Excursion boats, that a short time since were few and far from periodical, are growing in numbers and in patronage. The river, the Sound, and the Lower Bay are crowded with them. Not only has a floating hospital been established, but fixed excursions go on their daily trips as regularly as the boats belonging to the regular lines of travel. In addition to the scattered resorts of those who delight in the occasional clam-bake, are quiet places where persons to whom longer sojourns amid rural delights are impossible may spend a happy and wholesome day under the trees and on the fresh herbage of the country.

And what a blessing has been this discovery of the beneficent waters to the babies who pant for very existence in the fervid and weakening heats of the city's streets! In the hot days, which have brought not only misery and illness but death in their train, thousands of babies have been saved by short trips on the boats that start out from the wharves of nearly every quarter of the town.

Civilization has advanced immensely when our great population has learned that rivers are for man's spiritual delight and bodily welfare as well as for his material gain.

IDIOSYNCRASIES OF THE CIGARETTE.

Discoursing recently about anti-cigarette legislation, that honored contemporary the *Christian Union* protested that there had been a crusade against the cigarette as if it were a special evil, and as if all other tobacco were innocent, whereas the truth was, and public attention ought not to be diverted from it, that it is the tobacco in the cigarette that is injurious, and not the cigarette itself.

Now it is true enough that the cigarette cannot do much harm after the tobacco is out of it, and it is also true that tobacco can be used to injurious excess in divers other forms. Nevertheless, there is a special devilment about cigarettes which the *Christian Union's* experience seems not to have comprised. For it is a fact that an amount of tobacco which if smoked in a pipe or in the form of cigars would do the consumer no appreciable damage, is capable of results distinctly injurious if smoked in the form of cigarettes. The reason lies mainly in the prevalent tendency to inhale the smoke of cigarettes into the lungs. To inhale the smoke of a cigar or a pipe is very unusual. The smoke of even a mild cigar is too strong for such use, and the effect of the tobacco is obtained without it. But there is so little tobacco in a cigarette, and what there is is usually so mild, that in order to get any good—more properly any bad—of it the smoke must be taken deeper into the system. A man may smoke a cigarette in the ordinary way and scarcely be conscious that he has smoked anything; but if he inhales the smoke, he is instantly aware that he has taken a narcotic stimulant. As it is about the cheapest of stimulants, so it is about the meanest and most despicable. It only lasts an instant, and commonly it leaves behind a collapse, not of serious dimensions, but disproportionate to its cause. A cigar judiciously consumed often soothes the smoker's nerves and refreshes his energies, stirring him from silence to conversation, promoting his serenity, and producing a pleasant flow of thought and language. The effect, too, is lasting enough to be comparable to that of food, and its stimulating qualities, being slowly imparted, are not followed by collapse. But there is no food effect about a cigarette. That is all spur and no oats; hence the common after-dinner practice of smoking a cigarette first for the sake of its momentary intoxication, and then a cigar for its more wholesome and lasting effect.

Considering what very poor things cigarettes are, it is surprising that they should have got such a hold on the community. But, bad as they are, they are extremely fascinating. The use of them, when carried to excess, becomes a habit that is most difficult to break, while they are so cheap and so convenient that it takes exceptional discretion to smoke them at all without smoking them to a deleterious extent. Of course it is primarily because they are so cheap that they appeal so generally to boys; but even with boys, who ought not to be allowed to smoke at all, it is not so much the tobacco in the cigarette that does the mischief as the pestilent and insinuating practice of inhaling the smoke. An ordinary boy of wholesome appetites won't smoke cigars or pipe tobacco enough to do him serious damage, even if he can get them. Nor would the cigarettes he might smoke be so serious a menace to his welfare if he would only smoke them as he would smoke cigars. The trouble is that as soon as he gets used to cigarette-smoking he begins to inhale the smoke, and presently is fixed in a habit that plays the mischief with him.

Whether anything besides tobacco goes into ordinary cigarettes is a much-discussed question. The effect they sometimes produce on the brain is so different from that due to tobacco in other forms as to favor the theory that many of them contain opium or valerian; but this the manufacturers deny, usually asserting that such drugs are too expensive to put into cheap cigarettes, even if it helped their marketable qualities. One thing besides the tobacco obviously goes into them, and that is the paper, the fumes of which are doubtless bad for the throat and lungs as far as they go.

As to anti-cigarette legislation, which the *Christian Union* discusses, it is so easily evaded that it takes a very optimistic reformer to expect much benefit from that. Boys who have individual sense will let cigarettes alone, while those who are blessed with vigilant parents will get enough intelligent supervision in their tender youth to keep them from smoking cigarettes enough to hurt them. As for the rest, their inherited ability as human beings to survive a certain amount of poison and to grow up in spite of adverse conditions will pull them through, always with such exceptions as are not inconsistent with the law of the survival of the fittest.

AN UNFORTUNATE CONTRACT.

There is a slight sign of disturbance between this government and Great Britain at Pago Pago over coaling-station rights.

Trouble is inevitable in Samoa as long as the present condition of things exists. The United States ought to have a coaling-station, or several coaling-stations, in the Pacific. Coaling-stations are absolutely essential to a modern navy. But in order to have coaling-stations it is not necessary that we should undertake to govern a foreign people.

The essential difficulty at Pago Pago arises from the fact that we have entered into an entangling alliance with Great Britain and Germany. So far as these two governments are concerned, they have absolute power in their colonies until the colonists themselves revolt and insist on sharing in their own government. Samoa has no self-government under the tripartite agreement. The police powers especially have been handed over to the three countries that have assumed to exercise a protectorate. And the United States, a republic based upon the right of self-government, has entered into an agreement with two imperial powers to exercise absolute sway over an alien population.

This country will always be at the mercy of the two governments that possess the machinery for the exercise of unrestrained power over foreign peoples. It would be much to our advantage if our possessions in the Pacific were strictly confined to coaling-stations, which must be defended, it is true, but which may be the better defended the less we become complicated with the efforts of European powers to direct the domestic affairs of neighboring people.

THE FAMILY ROW-BOAT.

The row-boat has not been made as much of in this country as it might be. There is a very definite notion that rowing is hard work, and that the advantages derived from it are more than counterbalanced by its fatigues, but there is no form of exercise from which more health and pleasure can be derived than judicious rowing.

The reason for the comparative unpopularity of the family row-boat in this country is ignorance, which is the root of much more evil than money is accountable for. When the father of a family thinks he would like a row-boat, he usually has a commodious, heavy, round-bowed, broad-sterned, modified whale-boat in his mind. For oars he knows only the heavy, flat-bladed ash very essential to the owner of the Whitehall wherry. His other idea of a row-boat is of the almost invisible shell made for the feats of athletes, or the drowning of venturesome tyros. Of late years there has come into fashion a double-ender row-boat, so narrow amidships and so low as to seat that neither the feet nor the oars can secure proper purchase. These boats have their uses on certain inland waters, and when the paddle instead of the oar is employed as the motive power there is vast pleasure and most healthful exercise to be obtained in them.

But when the family is to be provided with a boat it must be a row-boat and not a canoe, and it should be of such a character as to enable the women of the household to take gentle and refreshing exercise. Women sometimes become most excellent handlers of the oar, and if rowing is not made too much of a labor, they become greatly attached to it. The man who buys a small whale-boat and uses ashen oars must provide an awning for his wife and daughters to sit under while he tugs away at his laborious task. Such a man usually wears a stiff linen shirt and collar when he rows, and his fondness for this particular kind of aquatic amusement lasts about half the season. At the end of that time he is willing to give away his lumbering craft.

The family boat should be as light as it can be to hold two rowers and a coxswain without being cranky. It should be built on the model of the working-boat of the athletes. It should have sliding-seats, and amidships it should be just a little wider than the seats. It should have outriggers, and light spoon-oars of spruce about eight feet long, with handles suited to the rower, are the proper kind. Such boats are often seen on the Thames and the Seine. They may look dangerous to those unaccustomed to the water, but with a little practice any one can manage one, and the sliding-seat being conquered, rowing will be a delight that will be looked forward to from day to day through the summer season.

One might dwell for columns on the pleasure to be obtained in a row-boat, on the secrets of nature to be discovered in the coves and along the shores where no larger prow can be pushed, but rowing to be enjoyed must be made easy, and to make it easy the boat must be the lightest consistent with safety.

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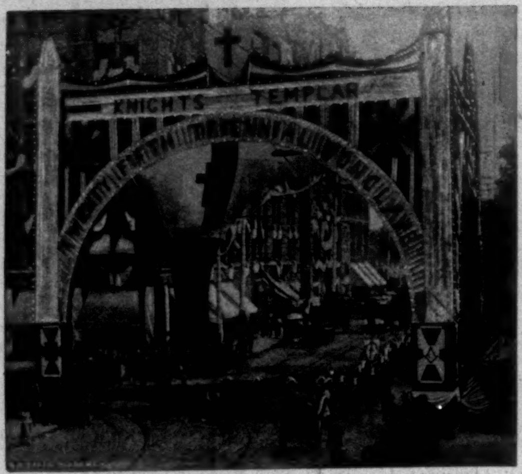

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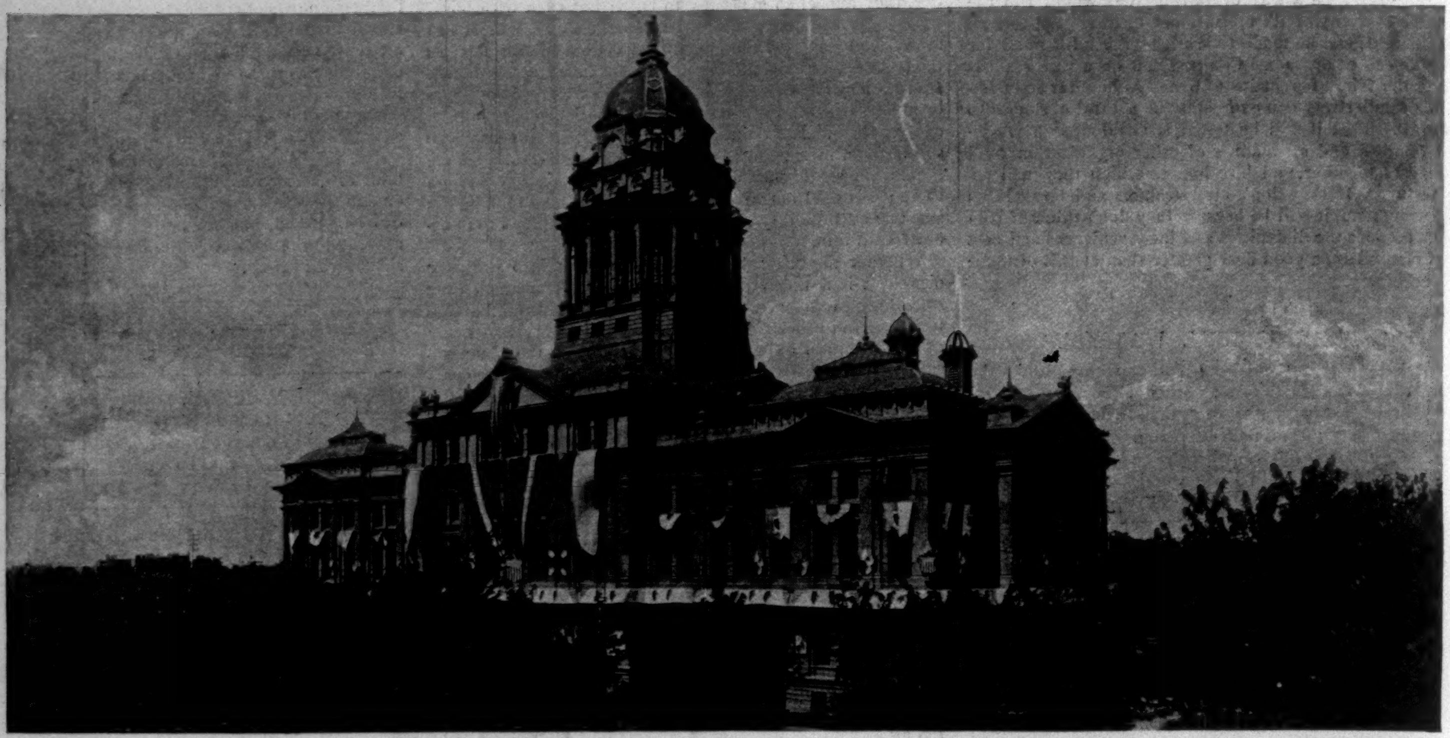
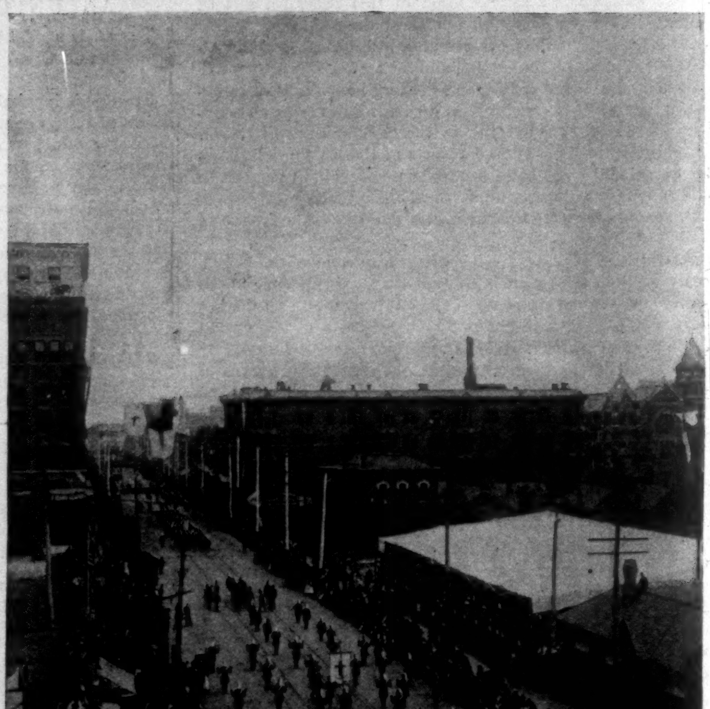


COURT-HOUSE, DECORATED IN HONOR OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

MOUNTED CALIFORNIANS.



LOOKING DOWN SEVENTEENTH STREET FROM "THE ALBERT."

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR CONCLAVE IN DENVER, COLORADO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE W. H. JACKSON COMPANY, DENVER, COLORADO.—[SEE PAGE 823.]

HANK'S WOMAN.

BY OWEN WISTER.

"HE decided second thoughts were best, too," I said. This was because a very large trout, who had been flirting with my brown hackle for some five minutes, suddenly saw through the whole thing, and whipped into the deep water that wedged its calm into the riffle from below.

"Try a grasshopper on him." And Lin McLean, whom among all cow-punchers I love most, handed me one from the seat pocket of his overalls.

An antelope earlier that day had given us his attention, as, huddled down in some sage-brush under the burning cloudless sun, I waved a red handkerchief, while Lin lay on his back and shook his boots in the air. But the antelope, after considering these things from a point of view some hundred yards away, had irrelevantly taken off to the foot-hills. We fired the six-shooter, and watched his exasperating white tailless rear twinkle out of sight across the flats.

"If you hadn't gone on so with your crazy boots," I said, "he'd have come up close."

"And if yu'd brought yer rifle along, as I said yu'd ought to," responded Lin, "we'd have had some fresh meat to pack into camp."

Of fish, however, we certainly had enough for lunch now, and enough to take back for supper and breakfast. We had ridden down Snake River from camp on Pacific Creek to where Buffalo Fork comes sweeping in; and there on the shingle point and on a log half sunk in the swimming stream, we had persuaded out of the depths some dozen of that silver-sided, many-speckled sort that does fight. None was shorter than twelve inches; one measured twenty. Therefore, in satisfaction, Lin and I hauled our boots off, tore open shirts and breeches so they dropped where we stood, and regardless of how many trout we might now disturb, splashed into the cool slow breadth of backwater the bend makes just there. Then I set about cleaning a couple of fish, and Lin made the fire, and got the lunch from our saddles, setting the teapot to boil, and slicing bacon into the pan.

"As fer second thoughts," said Lin, "animals in this country has 'em more'n men do."

I thought so too, and said nothing.

"Yu' take the way they run the Bar-Circle-Zee. Do yu' figure Judge Henny knows his foreman's standin' in with rustlers like Ed Rogers is? If he'd taken time to inquire why that foreman left Montana, he'd not be gettin' stole from right along, you bet! And Ed Rogers 'll be dealt with one of these days. He's a-growin' bold, the way he takes calves this year. He's forgettin' about second thoughts, I expect."

We were silent, and ate some fish and drank some tea—you cannot make good coffee out-of-doors. But Mr. McLean's mind was for the moment running in a channel of prudence. You would have supposed he had never acted hastily in the whole of his twenty-eight years.

"Folks is poor in Wyoming through bein' too quick," he resumed. "Look at the way them fellers in Douglas got cinched."

"Who, and how?" I inquired.

"Bankers and stockmen. They figured on Douglas bein' a big town, and all because the railroad come there on its way somewheres else that ain't nowheres its own self. I've been in this country since '77, and that's eleven years, and I say yu' can't never make a good town out o' sage-brush."

Lin paused, looking southward across the great yellow-gray plain of the Teton Basin. The Continental Divide rose to the left of us; to the right were the Tetons, shutting us in from Idaho, with their huge magical peaks of blue cutting sharp and sudden into the sky.

"Take marriage," continued the cow-puncher, stretching himself till he sank flat backward on the ground, with his long legs spread wide. "Sometimes there ain't so much as first thoughts before a man's been and done it."

"Wyoming is not peculiar in that respect," I said.

"We come over this trail," said Lin, not listening to me, "the year after the President and Sheridan did. Me and Hank and Honey Wiggin. I'd quit workin' fer the old '76 outfit, and come to Lander after a while and met up with them two fellers, and we figured we'd take a trip through the Park. Now, there was Hank. Yu' never knowed Hank?"

I never had.

"Well, yu' didn't lose much." Lin now rolled comfortably over on his stomach. "Hank, he married a woman. He was small, and she was big—awful big; and neither him nor her was any account—him 'specially."

"Probably they would not agree with you," I said.

"She would now, you bet!" said Lin, sitting up and laying his hand on my knee. "They got married on one week's acquaintance, which ain't enough."

"That's true, I think."

"Folks try it in this Western country," Lin pursued, "where a woman's a scarce thing anyhow, and men unpar-

ticular and hasty, but it ain't sufficient in nine times out o' ten. Hank, yu' see, he staid sober that one week, provin' she'd ought to seen him fer two anyways; and if I was a woman, knowin' what I know about men, it wouldn't be two weeks nor two months neither." The cow-puncher paused and regarded me with his wide-open jocular eyes. "When are you goin' to tie up with a woman?" he inquired. "I'm comin' that day."

"Was Hank married when you went to the Park?" said I.

"Of course he weren't. Ain't I tryin' to tell yu'? Him and me and Honey joined a prospectin' outfit when we was through seein' the Park, and Hank and me come into the Springs after grub from Galena Creek, where camp was. We lay around the Springs and Gardner fer three days, playin' cards with friends; and one noon he was settin' in the hotel at the Mammoth Springs waitin' fer to see the stage come in, though that wasn't nuthin' he hadn't seen, nor nuthin' was on it fer him. But that was Hank. He'd set around waitin' fer nuthin' like that till somebody said whiskey, and he'd drink and wait some more. Well, the hotel kid he yells out, 'Stage!' after a while, soon as he seen the dust comin' up the hill. Ever notice that hotel at the Hot Springs before and after that kid says, 'Stage'?"

I shook my head.

"Well, sir," said Lin, "yu' wouldn't never suppose the place was any relation to itself. Yu' see, all them guests and Raymonds clears out for the Norris Basin right after breakfast, and none comes in new from anywheres till round noon, and you bet the hotel folks has a vacation! Yes, sir, a regular good lay-off. Yu'd ought to see the Syndicate manager a-sleepin' behind the hotel counter, and nobody makin' no noise high nor low, but all plumb quiet and empty-like—maybe a porter foolin' around the ice-cooler, and the flies buzzin'. Then that kid—he's been on the watch-out; he likes it, you bet!—he sings out, 'Stage!' suddenlike, and shoo! the entire outfit stampedes, startin' with them electric bells ring-jinglin' all over. The Syndicate manager flops his hair down quick front of a lookin'-glass he keeps handy fer his private satisfaction, and he organizes himself behind the hotel register-book; and the young photograph chap comes out of his door and puts his views out for sale right acrosst from where the cigar-seller's a-clawin' his goods into shape. Them girls quits leanin' over the rail upstairs and skips, and the porters they line up on the front steps, and the piano man he digs his fingers into the keys, and him and the fiddlers starts raisin' railroad accidents. Yes, sir. That hotel gets that joyous I expect them arrivin' Raymonds judge they've struck ice-cream and balance partners right on the surface.

"Well, Hank, now, he watched 'em that day same as every day, and the guests they clumb down off the stage like they always do—young ladies hoppin' spry and squealin' onced in a while, and dusty old girls in goggles clutchin' the porters, and snuffin', and sayin', 'Oh dear!'

"Then out gets a big wide-faced woman, thick all through, any side yu' looked at her, and she was kind o' dumb-eyed, but fine appearin', with lots of yaller hair. Yu' could tell she were raised in one of them German countries like Sweden, for she acted slow, and stared at the folks hustlin', and things noisy, and waltzes playin' inside. Hank seen her, and I expect he got interested on sight, for he was a small man, and she was big, and twiced as big as him. Did yu' ever notice that about small fellers? She was a lady's maid, like they have in the States."

Lin stopped and laughed.

"If any woman in this country was to have to hire another one to help her clothes off her, I guess she'd be told she'd ought to go to bed soberer," he remarked. "But this one was sure a lady's maid, and out comes her lady right there. And my! 'Where have you put the keys, Willomene?'"

Lin gave a scornful imitation of the lady's voice.

"Well, Willomene fussed around her pockets, and them keys wasn't there, so she started explainin' in tanglefoot English to her lady how her lady must have took them from her in the 'drain,' as she said, meaning the cars. But the lady was gettin' madder, tappin' her shoe on the floor, like Emma Yoosh does in the opera—*Carmen*, or somethin' I seen onced in Cheyenne.

"Them ladies," said Lin, after a silence, during which I deplored his commentative propensity, "seems to enjoy hustlin' themselves into a rage. This one she got a-goin', and she rounded up Willlomene with words yu' seldom see outside a book. 'Such carelessness,' says she, 'is too exasperatin';' and a lot more she said, and it were all up to that standard, you bet! Then she says, 'You are discharged,' and off she struts. A man come out soon (her husband, most likely), and he paid the lady's maid some cash (a good sum it was, I expect), and she stood right there for a spell; then all of a sudden she says, 'Ok yayzoo!' and sits down and starts cryin'.

"When yu' see that, yu' feel sorry, but yu' can't say nuthin'; so we was all standin' round on the piazza, kind o' shiftless. Then the baggage-wagon come in, and they picked the keys up on the road from Gardner; so the lady was all right, but that didn't do no good to Willomene. They stood her trunk down along with the rest—a brass-nailed concern it was, I remember, same as an Oswego starch-box in size—and there was Willomene out of a job and afoot a long ways from anywheres, settin' in the chair, and onced in a while she'd cry some more. We got her a room in the cheap-hotel where the Park drivers sleeps when they're in at the Springs, and she acted grateful like, thankin' everybody in her tanglefoot English. And she was a very nice-speakin' woman. Her folks druv off to the Fountain next mornin', and she seemed dazed like; fer I questioned her where she'd like to go, and she was told about how to get to the railroad, and she couldn't say if she wanted to travel east or west. There's where she weren't no account, yu' see.

"Over acrosst at the post-office I told the postmistress about Willomene, and she had a spare bed, an' bein' a big-hearted woman, she had her to stay and help wait on the store. That store's popular with the soldiers. The postmistress is a little beauty, and they come settin' round there, privates and sergeants, too, expectin' some day she'll look at 'em twiced. But she just stays good-natured to all, and minds her business, you bet! So Hank come round, settin' like the soldiers, and he'd buy a pair of gloves, maybe, or cigars, and Willomene she'd wait on him. I says to Hank we'd ought to pull out for camp, but he wanted to wait. So I played cards, and had a pretty fair time with the boys, layin' round the Springs and over to Gardner.

"One night I come on 'em—Hank and Willomene—walkin' among the pines where the road goes down. Yu'd ought to have seen that pair! Her big shape was plain and kind of steadfast in the moon, and alongside of her little black Hank. And there it was. He'd got stuck on her all out of her standin' up so tall and round above his head. I passed close, and nobody said nuthin', only next day, when I remarked to Hank he appeared to be catchin' on. And he says, 'That's my business, I guess'; and I says, 'Why, Hanky, I'm sure pleased to notice your earnest way.' It wasn't my business if he wanted to be a fool, and take a slow-understandin' woman like she was up to the mines.

"Well, that night I caught 'em again, near the formation, and she says to me 'how beautifool was de wasser steamin' and tricklin' over them white rocks!' And I laffed.

"'Hank,' says I (not then, but in the mornin'), 'before you've made yer mind up right changeless, if I was you, I'd take Miss Willomene over to the Syndicate store and get her weighed.'

"And he says, 'What do yu' mean?'

"So I gave my opinion that if the day was to come when him and her didn't want to travel the same road, why, he'd travel hern, and not his'n. 'Fer she could pack yu' on her back and lift yu' down nice anywheres she pleased,' says I to Hank.

"And I tell yu' it's a queer thing I come to say that."

Lin stopped, and jerked his overalls into a more comfortable fit. "They was married the Toosdy after, at Livingston," he went on; "and Hank was that pleased with himself he gave Willomene a weddin'-present with the balance of his cash, spendin' his last nickel on buyin' her a red-tailed parrot they had for sale at the First National Bank. The feller hollered so at the bank, the president told the cashier he must get rid of it.

"Hank and Willomene staid a week up in Livingston on her money, and then he brought her back to Gardner, and bought their grub and come up to the camp we had on Galena Creek. She'd never slep' out before, and she'd never been on a horse, neither, and near rolled off down into Little Death Cañon comin' up by the cut-off trail. Now just see that foolishness—to fetch that woman and pack-horses heavy loaded along such a turruble bad place like that cut-off trail is, where a man wants to lead his own horse 'fear of goin' down. You know them big tall grass-topped mountains over in the Hoodoo country, and how they comes slam down through the cross timber yu' can't go through hardly on foot, till they pitches over into lots and lots of little cañons, with maybe two inches of water runnin' in the bottom? All that's East Fork water, and over the divide 's Clark's Fork, or Stinkin' Water if yu' take the country further southeast. But anywheres yu' go is them turruble steep slopes, and the cut-off trail takes along about the worst in the business.

"Well, Hank he got his bride over it somehow, and yu'd ought to have seen them two pull into our camp. Yu'd sure never figured it were a weddin' trip. He was leadin', but skewed around in his saddle to jaw back at Willomene fer ridin' so poorly. And what kind of a man 's that, I'd like to know, jawin' at her in the hearin' of the whole outfit of us fellers, and them not married two weeks? She was settin' straddeways like a mountain, and between him and her went the three pack animals, plumb played out, and the flour—they had two hundred pounds—tilted over downwards, with the red-tailed parrot a-hollerin' landslides in his cage tied on top.

"Hank, he'd had a scare over Willomene comin' so near fallin', and it turned him sour, so he'd hardly speak, but just said, 'How!' kind of gruff, when we come up to congratulate him. But Willomene, she says when she seen me, 'Oh, I am so glad to see you!' and we shook hands right friendly; fer I'd talked to her down at the Springs, yu' know. And she told me how near she come to gettin' killed. Yu' 'ain't been over that there trail?" inquired Lin of me. "Yu'd ought to see that cañon."

"No," said I; "I've seen enough of the Park, and the Grand Cañon satisfies me."

"'Tain't the same thing. That Grand Cañon's pretty, but Little Death Cañon ain't; it's one of them queer places, somethin' the same style as a geyser is, surprisin' a feller. If Willomene had went down there that afternoon—well, I'll tell yu', so yu' can judge. She seen the trail gettin' nearer and nearer the edge, between the timber and the jumpin'-off place, and she seen how them little loose stones and the crumble stuff kep' a-slidin' away under the horse's feet, and rattlin' down out of sight she didn't know where to, so she tried to git off and walk without sayin' nuthin to Hank. He kep' a-goin', and Willomene's horse she had pulled up, started to follow as she was half off, and that gave her a tumble, but she got her arm hitched around a rock just as the stones started to slide her over. But that's only the beginning of what fallin' into that hole is. A man sometimes falls down a place all right and crawls out after a while. There ain't no crawlin' out in Little Death Cañon, you bet! Down in there, where yu' can't see, is sulphur caves. Yu' can smell 'em a mile away. That cañon's so narrer where they open out and puff steam that there's no breathin' to be done, for no wind gets in to clean out the smell. If yu' lean pretty far over yu' can see the bottom, and a little green water tricklin' over cream-colored stuff like pie. Bears and elk climbin' round the sides onced in a while gets choked by the risin' air, and tumbles and stays fer good. Why, us fellers looked in one time and seen two big silver-tip carcasses, and didn't dare go in after the hides, though I don't say yu' couldn't never make the trip. Some days the steam comes out scantier; but how's a man to know if them caves ain't a-goin' to start up again sudden like a cough? I have seen it come in two seconds. And when it comes that way after sundown, risin' out of the cañon with a fluffy kind of a sigh—yes, sir, I tell yu' that's a sick noise it makes! Why, I don't like to be passin' that way myself, though knowin' so well it's only them sulphur caves down in there. Willomene was in luck when she come out safe.

"Anyway, there they was, come to camp without any accident. She looked surprised when she seen Hank's tent him and her was to sleep in. And Hank he looked surprised at the bread she cooked.

"'What kind of a Dutch woman are yu',' says he, half jokin', 'if yu' can't use a dutch-oven?'

"'You said to me you have a house to live in,' says Willomene. 'Where is that house?'

"'I didn't figure on gettin' a woman when I left camp,' says Hank, grinnin', but not pleasant, 'or I'd have hurried up with the shack I'm a-buildin'.'

"He was buildin' one. Well, that's the way they started into matrimony, and in three weeks they quit havin' much to say to each other. The only steady talkin' done in that home was done by the parrot, and he was a rattlin' talker. Willomene she used to talk with me at first, but she gave it up soon; I don't know why. I liked her mighty well, and so we all did. She done her best, but I guess she hadn't never seen this style of life, and kindness such as we could show her, I suppose, didn't show up fer as well as it was intended.

"There was six of us workin' claims. Some days the gold washed out good in the pan, but mostly it was that fine it floated off without ever settlin' at all. But we had a good crowd, and things was pleasant, and not too lively nor yet too slow. Willomene used to come round the ditch silent like and watch us workin', and then she'd be apt to move off into the woods, singin' German songs, not very loud. I knowed well enough she felt lonesome, but what can yu' do? As fer her, she done her best; only it ain't the sensible way fer a wife to cry at her husband gettin' full, as of course Hank done, same as always since I'd knowed him, bar one week at the Mammoth. A native American woman could have managed Hank so he'd treated her good and been sorry instead of glad every time he'd been drunk. But we liked Willomene, because she'd do anything she could for us, cookin' up an extra meal if we come back from a hunt, and patchin' our clothes. Nor she wouldn't take pay. She was a good woman, but no account in a country like Galena Creek was. Honey Wiggin and me helped her finish the shack, so she and Hank could move in there, and then she fixed up one of them crucifixes she had in the little trunk, and used to squat down at it night and morning, makin' Hank crazy.

"There it was again! Yu' see he couldn't make no allowances fer her bein' Dutch and different. Not because he was bad—there weren't enough of Hank to be bad—but because he had no thoughts. I kind of laffed myself first time I seen Willomene at it. Hank says to me, soft, 'Come here, Lin,' and I peeped in where she was a-prayin' to that crucifix. She seen us, too, but she didn't quit. Them are things yu' don't know about. I figured it this way—that she couldn't make no friends with Hank, and couldn't with us neither, and bein' far away from all she was used to, why, that crucifix was somethin' that staid by her, remindin' her of home, I expect, and anyway keepin' her a sort of company when she felt lonesome. And of course, over in Europe, I guess, she'd been accustomed to believin' in God and a hereafter, and hearin' a lot of singin' in them Catholic churches. So yu' see what she must have thought about Galena Creek.

"One day Hank told her he was goin' to take his dust to town, and when he come back if he found that thing in the house he'd do it up fer her. 'So yu'd better pack off yer wooden dummy somewheres,' says he.

"I tell you," said Lin, fixing his eyes on mine, "a man don't always know how what he speaks is a-goin' to act on others. She said nuthin', and I guess Hank forgot all about it. But I can see the way she looked right now—kind o' stone like and solemn. And I happened to go into the shack around noon to get some matches, and there she was prayin', and *that* time she jumped.

"The night before Hank was to start fer town, a young chap they called Chalkeye come into camp. He'd been drivin' a bunch of horses to sell round Helena and Bozeman, and he'd lost the trail over to Stinkin' Water where he was goin' back to Meeteetsee. Chalkeye had cigars and good whiskey, and he set up royal fer the gang. That night was the first time I ever knowed him, but him and me has knowed each other pretty well since. He was a surprisin' hand at gettin' on the right side of women without doin' nuthin' special. I've been there some myself first and last, but there's no use tryin' if Chalkeye happens to be on the same trail. Willomene she h'arkened to his talk, and I noticed her, and I concluded she was comparin' him with Hank. After a while we started a game of stud-poker, and Chalkeye cleaned Hank out, who couldn't play cards good. He played horses against Hank's gold dust, and by midnight he'd got away with the dust. And Willomene took to his eye, which was jovial like, and I guess she may have been figurin' that if she was a-goin' to marry over again she'd 'a' liked to have been acquainted with Chalkeye before the ceremony with Hank. I think she had them thoughts goin' through her mind in a mixed sort of a way.

"There was one occurrence as to the crucifix which Hank's eye lit on during the game, and he said something nasty. And Chalkeye claimed such things must be a god-send to them as took stock in 'em. He spoke serious all the while he was dealin' the cards; nor it wasn't through desirin' to get in his work with Willomene, but because of feelin's on his part that ain't common in this country, and do a man credit, no matter what his acts may sometimes be. Next day he pulled out for Stinkin' Water, havin' treated Willomene with respect, and Hank not havin' any dust left, went to town all the same, leavin' Willomene at the camp. She come down after a while, and watched us as usual, walkin' around slow, and singin' her German songs that hadn't no tune to 'em. And so it was fer about a week. She'd have us all in to supper up at the shack, and look at us eatin' while she'd walk around puttin' grub on your plate. Mighty pleasant she acted always, but she'd not say nuthin' hardly at all.

"Hank come back, and he was used up, you bet! His little winkin' eyes was sweatin' from drink, and Willomene she took no notice of him, nor she didn't cry, neither, for she didn't care no more.

"Hank seen the crucifix same as always, and he says, 'Didn't I tell yu' to take that down?'

"'You did,' says Willomene, very quiet; and she looked at him, and he quit talkin'.

"We was out of meat, and figured we'd go on a hunt before snow came. Yu' see, October was gettin' along, and though we was havin' good weather, all the same, when yu' find them quakin'-asps all turned yaller, and the leaves keeps a-fallin' without no wind to blow 'em down, you're liable to get snowed in on short notice. Hank staid in camp, and before we started up the mountain, I says to him: 'Hank, yu'd ought to leave Willomene do what she wants about prayin'. It don't hurt neither of yu'.'

"And Hank, bein' all trembly from spreein' in town, he says, 'You're all agin me,' like as if he was a baby.

"We was away three days, and awful cold it got to be, with the wind never stoppin' all night roarin' through the timber down the big mountain below where we was camped. We come back to Galena Creek one noon with a good load of elk meat, and looked around. It was plain nobody was there, fer always Willomene come to the door when we'd been out fer a hunt, and, anyway, it was dinner-time, but no smoke was comin' from their chimney.

"'They've quit,' says Honey to me.

"'Well,' I says, 'then they've left word somewheres.'

"'Why, the door's wide open,' says Honey, as we come round that corner of the shack. So we all hollered. Well, it was beginnin' to be strange, and I stepped in inside, after waitin' to hear if anybody'd answer. The first thing I seen was that crucifix and a big hole plumb through the middle of it. I don't know why we took the concern down, but we did, and there was the bullet in the log. Things was kind of tossed around in that shack, and Honey says, 'He's shot her too.'

"While we was a-wonderin', something made a noise, and us fellows jumped. It was that parrot, and he was a-crouchin' flat on the floor of the cage, a-swingin' his head sideways, and when we come up he commenced talkin' and croakin' fast, but awful low, and never screechin' oncet, but lookin' at us with his cussed eye. And would yu' believe it, us fellers come and stood around that cage like fools, watchin' the bird, and Honey whispers to me, 'You bet he knows!' And then his foot trod on somethin', and he gets down and pulls out an axe a raw bear-hide was half folded around; and we knowed well enough it weren't no bear's blood we seen dried on the axe. I was along that time, and Hank skinned that bear with his knife, and didn't use no axe. We found nuthin' further till I stepped outside the shack and seen Willomene's trail heavylike in the gravel.

"That set me on trails, and I seen Hank's leadin' into the shack, but not out. So we hunted some more, but gave up, and then I says, 'We must follow up Willomene.' And them big marks took us right by the ditch, where they sunk deep in the soil that was kind of soggy, and then down the cut-off trail. Mighty clear them marks were, and like as they had been made by a person moving slow. We come along to Little Death Cañon, and just gettin' out of the timber to where the trail takes on to that ledge of little slidin' stones, Honey Wiggin says, 'Look a-there!'

"We stopped, and all seen a black thing ahead. 'Can yu' make it out?' says Honey, and we starts runnin'.

"'It's a man,' somebody says.

"'What's he pointin' that way for?' says Honey, and we kep' a-runnin', and come closer, and, my God! it was Hank. He was kind of leanin' queer over the edge of the cañon, and we run up to him. He was stiff and stark, and caught in the roots of a dead tree, and the one arm wheeled around like a scarecrow, pointin', and a big cut in his skull. The slide was awful steep where he was, and we crawled and looked over the edge of them brown rock walls. Well, sir, it's a wonder Honey didn't go over that place; and he would, but I seen him stagger and I gripped his arm. Down there in the bottom, tumbled all in a heap, was Willomene, and Hank's finger was a-pointin' straight at her. She was just a humped-up brown bundle, and one leg twisted up like it was stuffed with bran. If fallin' didn't kill her, she must have got choked soon. And we figured out what them two had done, and how she come to fall. Yu' see, Hank must have shot the crucifix when they was havin' hot words, and likely he said she'd be the next thing he'd pump his lead into, and she just settled him right there, and I guess more on account of what he done to the crucifix than out of bein' scared for herself. So she packed him on her back when she got cool, figurin' she'd tip him over into the cañon where nobody would suspicion he hadn't fell through accident or bein' drunk. But heftin' him all that ways on her back, she got played out, and when she was on that crumble stuff there she'd slipped. Hank got hooked in the tree root, and she'd gone down 'stead of him, with him stuck on top pointin' at her exactly like if he'd been sayin', 'I have yu' beat after all.'

"While we was a-starin', puff! up comes the steam from them sulphur caves, makin' that fluffy sigh. And Honey says, 'Let's get out of here.'

"So we took Hank and buried him on top of a little hill near camp, but Willomene had to stay where she'd fell down in there. We felt kind of bad at havin' to leave her that way, but there was no goin' into that place, and wouldn't be to rescue the livin', let alone to get the dead." Lin paused.

"I think," said I, "you'd have made a try for Willomene if she had been alive, Lin."

The cow-puncher laughed indifferently, as his way is if you discuss his character. "I guess not," he said. "Anyway, what's a life? Why, when yu' remember we're all no better than coyotes, yu' don't seem to set much store by it."

But though Lin occasionally will moralize in this strain, and justify vice and a number of things, I don't think he means it.

THE CONCLAVE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

Some thirty thousand gentlemen who had attained to the thirty-third degree in Masonry and become Knights Templar met last week in Denver, Colorado, and of course they filled that town to overflowing. A few thousand more than the normal number of strangers will tax the capacity of any town, and recently New York had its conceit in its capacity to absorb multitudes entirely demolished by the incursion of Christian Endeavorers. These were in evidence everywhere in New York, and any one who saw them can easily form some idea of how the thousands of Knights Templar affected Denver. It seemed after they had arrived that there was nothing else in town. The people of Denver had arranged a welcome, and the houses on the main streets were decorated with bunting, and in places where the procession of Knights was to pass arches were erected across the roadway, and on these arches were words of welcome and greeting.

It is likely that there are nowhere in the world better-drilled bodies of men than some of the Knights Templar commanderies. A man who reaches so distinguished a position in Masonry is usually past his first youth, and therefore it is not to be expected that a body of them would go through a manual of arms of a difficult and exhausting nature. But they march and countermarch, form crosses and other figures, as children do in a cotillon, and all this is done in a way so deliberate and dignified that it seems mightily impressive.

At an annual meeting of Knights Templar there is much business of a general character to transact, but of chief interest to the whole body is the election of general officers. To be the Most Eminent Grand Master of Knights Templar is to achieve a distinction in some sense like that of being the Pope of Rome. This distinction is therefore very eagerly sought, and the man who gets it has usually served for many years in lower capacities, for it is a custom of the order that competent men shall be advanced a step every now and then. These are the new officers: Hugh McCurdy, of Corunna, Michigan, Most Eminent Grand Master; W. Larne Thomas, of Danville, Kentucky, Deputy Grand Master; Reuben H. Lloyd, of San Francisco, Grand Generalissimo; Henry B. Stoddard, of Bryan, Texas, Captain-General; George M. Moulton, of Chicago, Grand Senior Warden; the Rev. H. W. Rugg, of Providence, Rhode Island, Grand Junior Warden; William B. Isaacs, of Richmond, Virginia, Grand Recorder; C. H. Wales Lines, of Meriden, Connecticut, Grand Treasurer.

According to the rule, each of these gentlemen will be advanced, and all of them in time attain to the Grand Mastership of the organization. The principal legislation was the adoption of the conservative rule that no proposition could be voted upon at the same meeting at which it was introduced without unanimous consent. When Mr. McCurdy, or, as he is called in the order, Sir Hugh McCurdy, was, with great ceremony, invested with the authority of his high office, he made an address, in which he said:

"We love the word antique. We have antique architecture, Queen Anne furniture, mediæval styles, but no modern architecture, and but little if any nineteenth-century art. Are we satisfied to be mere copyists, imitators? No copyist is a true artist. Unless there be something original in a work, it is only a copy. Are we as men, as Knights Templar, anything more than copyists of the valiant Sir Knights of the Middle Ages? Their mission was to rescue the sepulchre of the Son of Man from the Saracens. Our grander mission is in His name to give cups of cold water to His little ones. Not, Sir Knights, simply to give the cup of cold water, but to give it in His spirit—the spirit of kindness, tenderness, and sympathy. This spirit the world needs far more than it needs any material thing which it may be in our power to give.

"It is by thus giving to the needy brother the cup of cold water in the spirit of our common brotherhood that we manifest our loyalty to Him in whose life, resurrection, and ascension we find an abiding inspiration with Him, continually to ascend in all things that minister to growth in more perfect manhood. In our reverence for the past let us not close our eyes to the demands of the present hour. In whatever cause Knight-Templarism had its origin, its only reason for existence to-day is its power to help men. Men are not asking to-day how far back into the past does your history extend, but how far-reaching is your present every-day life. What of your own are you adding to the age in which you live? We cannot afford to live for our own gratification, nor for display of cross, plume, sword, star. By a larger growth in ourselves and a wider influence upon our fellow-men we must emphasize the meaning of our name and the signification of our symbols. Find out this meaning, this signification, by these."

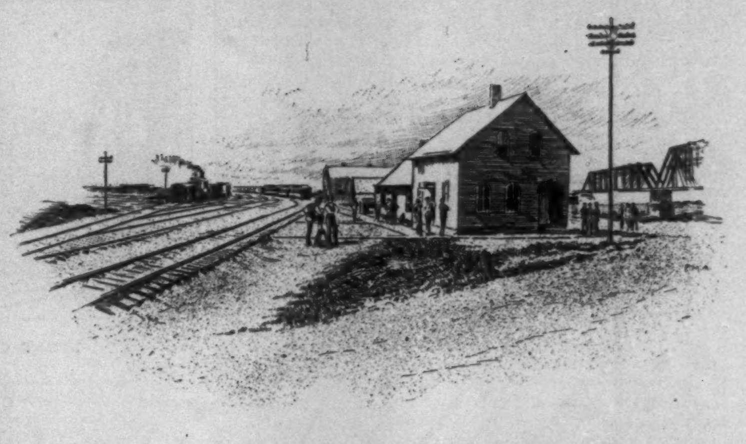
Sir Hugh McCurdy is a native of Scotland, but he was brought to America when he was a child, and has lived in Michigan for fifty years. He is a lawyer by profession, and has been a district attorney and also a judge. He has always managed, however, to find time to participate in the meetings of the Grand Lodge, and he has contributed largely for many years to the literature of Masonry. He became a Mason in Birmingham, Michigan, in 1850; in 1864 he received the Chapter degrees in Washington Chapter No. 15, Flint, Michigan; in 1866 he received the Council degrees in St. John's Council, St. John's; in the same year he received the orders of Knighthood in Fenton Commandery No. 14. He is likewise a Noble of the Mystic Order of Shriners, and holds many memberships in Moslem Temple, Detroit, and the grades of A and A Rite of Michigan Sovereign Consistory; in 1878 he received the royal order of Scotland.

In 1880 Sir Hugh McCurdy was elected Grand Senior Warden of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States; in 1883 he was elected Grand Captain-General; in 1886 he was advanced to the post of Eminent Grand Generalissimo. In 1889 he was elected Deputy Grand Master at Washington, and now he naturally succeeds to the Grand Mastership.

THE STRIKE IN BUFFALO.

The daily papers that were read over the morning coffee on Sunday, August 14th, announced that four hundred railway switchmen had gone on a strike at Buffalo. The men all belonged to the Erie, Lehigh Valley, and Buffalo Creek railroads, and they had been "ordered out" by Grand Master Sweeny, of the Switchmen's Union, because it was considered that twelve hours continuous work a day was too much. The demand made by the strikers was that they should be paid extra for every hour they worked over ten hours each day. The men left work quietly, and went home that first day, leaving only one union switchman at work, who declined to join the strikers. This man was sneered at, but no harm was offered to him, and he attended to his duties faithfully that first day.

While men at their Sunday morning meal read the story of the beginning of the strike, or passed it by, trouble had already occurred at the yards. Early that morning a series of fires, undoubtedly incendiary, had burst forth, and nearly a score of freight-cars filled with merchandise, together with two passenger coaches and two watchmen's houses, had been consumed. Ten coal cars were started down an incline and made to wreck an engine, while a water-tank was demolished so that the fires might have free headway. A number of loose cars and a passenger train were derailed, while men who had been secured to fill the strikers' places were beaten and bruised. A crowd of lawless idle roughs joined with the switchmen, and helped in the work of destruction under the general title of "sympathizers." The latter persons were blamed by the men of the Switchmen's Union for all the outrages, and the trouble increased meanwhile. At several places along the roads collisions between the civil authorities and the strikers took place on Monday, and the Sheriff of Erie County began to talk of summoning the militia to his aid as provided for by law. Very little work was done at the yards of the involved roads, and few trains went out that day. At length it was considered necessary to supplement the Sheriff's forces with some citizen soldiers, and the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth regiments of the county were placed to guard points along the roads. The soldiers went on duty early Tuesday morning, and their presence acted as a check upon the turbulent strikers, who relapsed into a sulky mood, and indulged in threats. The militiamen were supplied with thirty-eight rounds of ball-cartridge each, and it was generally understood that an order to fire would mean fire to kill. The railroad companies said that they only wanted protection for their property and men—a number of the latter having been procured and set to work. Some Rochester regiments were then called forth, but as the strike spread, and the Lake Shore switchmen went out, the Sheriff and Mayor of Buffalo appealed to the Governor to call forth the entire National Guard of the State.



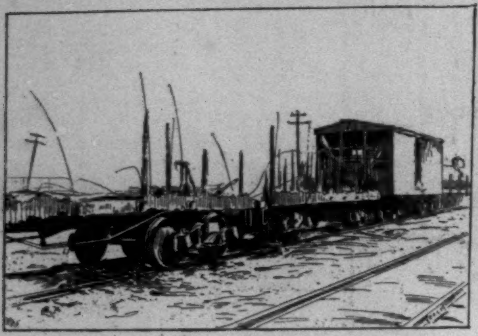
GENERAL DOYLE'S HEADQUARTERS.

This was on Wednesday, and matters were growing more serious every moment. The strikers attempted to wreck passenger trains, and exhibited bad temper toward the new men and soldiers. The latter were ordered to fire upon any man who attempted to wreck or damage property, and the guards were increased. The strike did not extend much beyond Erie County, but a large force of men were necessary to cover the ground. Governor Flower, in consultation with Adjutant-General Porter, acted promptly. Recognizing the increasing danger, he determined upon the course of prevention, and on Thursday a number of New York city and Brooklyn regiments were ordered to Buffalo. Other regiments were also called forth, and the rest ordered to hold themselves in reserve.

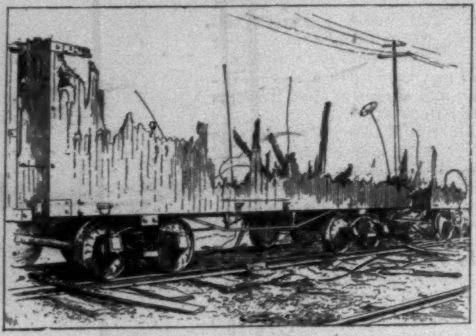
The Governor promised to summon the full military power if necessary, and 3000 men had left New York by Friday morning for the scene of the disturbance. The Seventh Regiment and several of the batteries about New York were left behind, but Troop A, the only cavalry force of the State, was called into service. The presence of the troops compelled order, but many of the roads were paralyzed because there were no switchmen to work. The trainmen and other employés, not switchmen, positively refused to lay a finger on the switches, and the consequence was idleness and general disorganization. A few freight trains, however, were moved, and the railroad officials promised that full business would soon be resumed. As t[h]e Weekly goes to press there are rumors of a general strik[e] firemen and trainmen, although the railroad people sa[y] the strike is broken. Meanwhile several thousand [...] fully armed and equipped, guard the property [...] Doyle commanding.

The departure of the troops for the "seat [...] attended by many interesting and humorous i[...] men in New York and Brooklyn responded p[...] gladly. Many of them came from distant poin[ts...] they were spending their vacation, while others w[...] already had their holiday were heard to rejoice over an[...] outing. But the majority realized that active military du[ty] was not all play, and these were the men who constitute the strength of the guard. Wives, sweethearts, and mother[s] came to the armories and trains to bid the men farewell. Kisses and tears were mingled, while the disinterested onlookers cheered. The soldiers met with hearty applause from the populace, which seemed thoroughly in sympathy with their mission; and the expedition with which the regiments assembled and got away proved the efficiency of the National Guard.

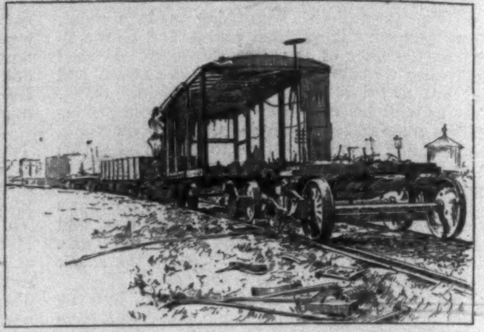
PROVISIONS FOR THE CAMP.



BURNT CARS, LEHIGH VALLEY ROAD.

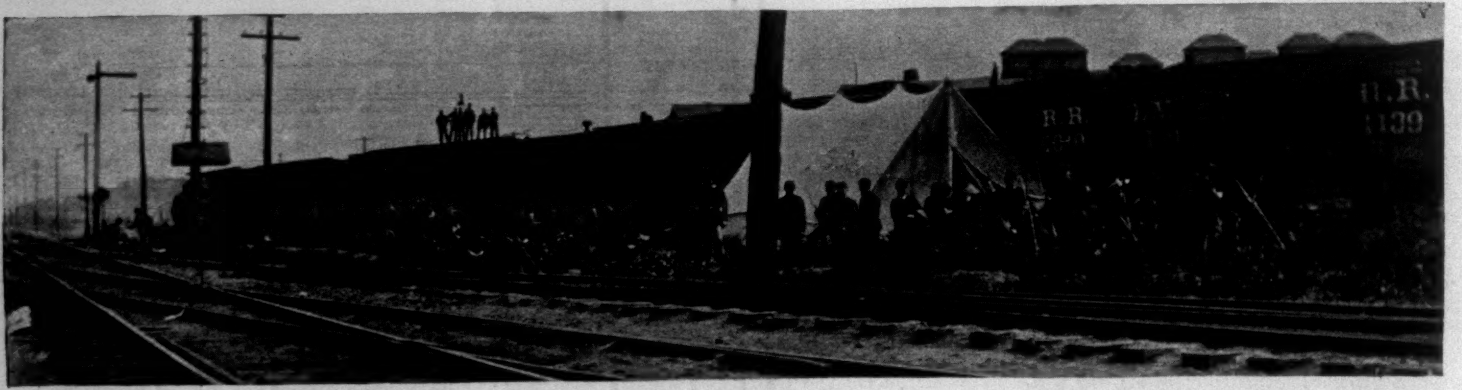


BURNT CARS, ERIE YARD.



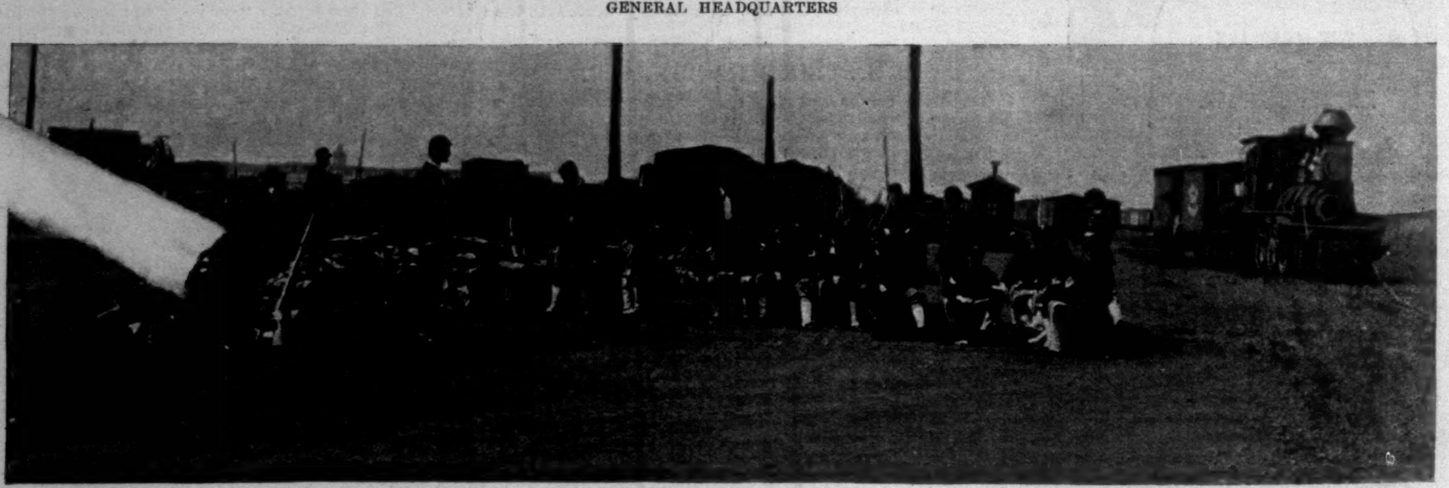
WRECK OFF WILLIAM STREET.

MILITIA GOING UP LEHIGH TRACK ON GUARD.



MAIN PART OF STRIKERS' GROUNDS, NEAR WILLIAM STREET—SIX MILES OF PICKETS.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS



IN THE CENTRAL YARD—FORTY-FIRST SEPARATE COMPANY OF SYRACUSE (70 MEN).

THE STRIKE OF THE SWITCHMEN AT BUFFALO, NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. S. RICHARDSON AND W. J. BAKER.—[SEE PAGE 823.]

PÊKIN

FROM very remote antiquity—twelve centuries before the Christian era—there existed a town on the site of the present Pekin. It was a little outlying fort on the remote northern coast of China, which was again and again attacked by invaders. Very tardy, however, was the fulfilment of the destiny which might even then have been predicted for it, for it was not until 936 A.D. that Pekin became the capital of the empire.

Three centuries later, when the Mongols had invaded China, the Emperor Kublai-Khan, grandson of Ghengis-Khan, laid the foundations of a new town a little to the north of the old, and thus the city of the conquerors rose proudly opposite the conquered town, at once dominating and defending it. The earliest testimony from a foreigner of the existence of Pekin dates from this moment of its history, and is that of the Venetian Marco Polo, who, in the thirteenth century, visited Asia Minor, Tartary, and China, and who, indeed, lived for seventeen years at the court of Kublai-Khan before he continued his journey by way of Burmah, Sumatra, Ceylon, and Persia, reaching his own country again at last after twenty-six years' absence, bringing with him such wonderful memories of his long wanderings that his countrymen were quite unable to believe his accounts of what he had seen. This is how the illustrious explorer describes the marvels of the town of Cambuluc, or the Town of the Khan,* which his master, Kublai-Khan, had had built, at an immense cost, to the north of the old town:

"It is as big as I will tell you, for it is twenty-four miles round; it is six miles on each side, for it is quite square; and each side is the same size as every other.

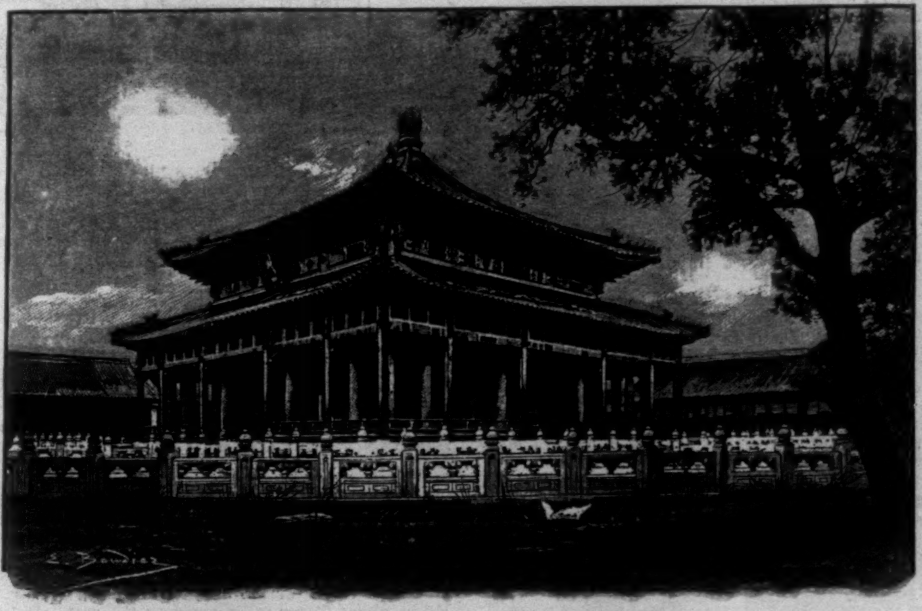
"It is all walled in with earthen towers. . . . it has twelve gates, and at each gate is a great palace, a very beautiful palace. . . .

"And the streets are so straight that you can see right along them. . . . There are in the city many fine and big palaces, many fine hostelries, and a great abundance of beautiful houses. . . . And in the middle of the city there is a magnificent palace. . . .

"And I tell you that in this city there are more costly things and of greater value than in any other city in the world," etc., etc.

In many respects this quaint description is still applicable. Peking, or Pekin, as it is generally spelt, consists of two cities side by side—the Northern, Interior, or Tartar city, known as Nei-tching; and the Southern, Exterior, or Chinese city, called Wai-tching.

The Tartar city is surrounded by a wall some forty-five feet high and several miles in circumference, pierced by nine colossal gateways, each of which gives access to an avenue about a hundred and forty feet wide and about four miles long. These avenues run in straight lines through the town from north to south and from east to west. All the streets and alleys cross each other at equal distances, so that in a bird's-eye view from the ramparts the town looks like a huge chess-board. The regularity of the plan, and the exactness with which it was carried out in every detail, prove that it was evolved by a superior intelligence, which was able to compel the respect of those who carried it out, and also of later generations. In Pekin no liberties were ever taken by builders; there was no scope whatever for their imagination; and as a result we have none of the picturesque disorder which makes up so much of the charm of the old cities of Europe, and tells so eloquently the story of the past. All the natural laws of the gradual development of the vast aggregates of living organisms which grow into densely populated cities have been violated here.



THE TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.

The geometrical regularity of the general plan is rendered the more apparent by the uniformity of style of the buildings. In China, in fact, there is but one type of edifice, whether secular or ecclesiastical, recalling in the preponderance of horizontal lines and vertical supports, and the importance attached to the incurvation of the roof, the ancient model of the Tartar tent. Not a palace, a temple, a private house, a town gateway, nor a triumphal arch—not, in fact, a single ancient or modern building, except perhaps here and there a Buddhist pagoda—which does not conform to the universal type; not a single work of architecture in which there is any sign of original imagination or of spontaneous invention.

This architectural monotony is, however, very natural among a people who, having arrived very rapidly at a certain stage of development, remained stationary for some thirty or forty centuries, and in the long period of their existence never developed the glaring vivid coloring or the contrasts so often characteristic of Western civilizations, where the sombre grandeur of a barbaric race has so often been combined with truly brilliant culture. Yet another and perhaps more direct cause of this phenomenon is the extraordinary force exercised in China by tradition in every branch of moral or intellectual activity, whether æsthetic, literary, or philosophical. In fact, the exaggerated right of the State has stifled in the germ all local life in China, and architects have ever been condemned to copy servilely the classic models of official statutes. And here has been once more illustrated the fact so well brought out in the history of the Greek cities, the Guilds of the Middle Ages, and the Republics of the Italian Renaissance, that original architectural works are never produced except where there is a free and natural development of municipal life.

FAC-SIMILE OF A CHINESE PAINTING.

On the other hand, perhaps, whilst a town loses in poetry and charm by too much official supervision, it may gain in a certain appearance of grandeur. And there really is something majestic and imposing about Pekin, and we may justly say that there is nothing petty or vulgar about this vast city, which is the political and moral centre of the largest empire in the world. Moreover, there actually is a certain picturesqueness about it, but rather in its open-air life than in the city itself. Out-of-doors, in fact, all is color and movement, for nowhere is there a more active or more mixed population. It is difficult to estimate the number of the inhabitants of Pekin, for there are no reliable statistics to refer to, but we may say roughly that there are about 900,000, showing a considerable decrease if the estimate of the last century of 1,500,000 can be relied on. In any case the town is always most animated. At certain hours of the day the streets are as crowded with foot-passengers, riders on horseback, and carriages as those of London or of Paris. There is plenty to interest and amuse the spectator: Tartar carts and Chinese chaises, blue or green sedan-chairs, the color varying according to the rank and importance of the owner; grooms of the palace in yellow livery, couriers of the Emperor in yellow and black uniforms, long strings of camels belonging to Mongol caravans, condemned prisoners wearing or carrying their *cangues*,* etc., etc.; and on either side of the carriageway, under shelters or in the open air, musicians and jugglers, mountebanks and necromancers, public scribes, second-hand booksellers, old-clothesmen, furniture brokers, cobblers, and harness-makers, barbers and chiropodists, cooks and pastry-cooks, sellers of fruit and tea merchants; in a word, every variety of itinerant dealer, resulting in an infinite variety of bright and picturesque scenes. Or a wedding procession marches down the street, with its band, its lanterns, its banners, its parasols, the attendant servants in gala costumes, and the bride carried beneath a red canopy. Or perhaps a funeral cortege of apparently endless length, with its flute-players and gong-beaters, its incense-burners, its Buddhist priests chanting litanies, its mourners making grimaces and howling, succeeded by a long string of vehicles laden with all the things supposed to be necessary to the defunct in the life beyond the tomb; behind which come the relations and friends of the deceased, clad in white hair-cloth; and, last of all, borne on the shoulders of sixteen, twenty, or thirty

AN OMNIBUS OF PEKIN.

* Pekin has often changed its name in the course of its long history, having been called, in turn, Ki, Yeou-tcheou, Tchong-tou, etc. When, in the fourteenth century, the empire had two capitals, one of them was called Nanking, or the southern city, and the other Peking, or the northern city; and although these names had no longer any meaning after the abandonment of Nanking in 1409, the Jesuit missionaries found the capital still called Pekin at the end of the sixteenth century. They transmitted this name to Europe, and foreigners still speak of Pekin; but to the Chinese themselves the name of the present metropolis is King-tcheng, or the Capital.

* The *cangue* is a kind of square wooden halter worn by prisoners convicted of certain crimes.—TRANS.

(*Continued on page 826.*)

SUMMER NIGHTS DOWN-TOWN.

The down-town of New York is that part of the city usually given up to business, and in general may be said to consist of the district south of Union Square. Indeed, it might not be unwise to raise this limit and say that all south of Madison Square is down-town. If it is not so now, it soon will be, for the residential precincts of New York are moving rapidly northwards. It is true that some parts of lower Fifth Avenue are still habited by private families, and this is true of the cross streets east and west of this great thoroughfare, as it is also of Washington Square—where Fifth Avenue ends—and of Stuyvesant Square and Gramercy Park on the east side of town. Indeed, in these favored spots fashion still lingers, and the fashionables of these localities usually wear the stamp of what in this new land passes current for long descent. But business encroaches fast upon all these reserved spots, and in a little while all these streets will be given over to trade.

In the wholesale quarters of the town business begins to slacken at four o'clock in the afternoon in the summer-time, and by half past six the iron shutters are closed and the district comparatively deserted. In the section along Broadway given over to office buildings, business gets slow an hour earlier, and the last toiler is usually away from his desk by five o'clock. Then this section, so busy during the eight hours of morning and afternoon, begins to change its character. If it does not go to sleep, it at least nods as though drowsy and tired. When night falls and darkness envelops the streets, save where dingy street-lamps throw their feeble rays, the sidewalks are almost deserted of pedestrians, and a carriage or loaded wagon passing over the pavement can be plainly heard several blocks away; this stillness and quiet and desertion where a few hours before all was noise and bustle and hurry, so that the very air vibrated with sound and commotion. And yet there is life still left in these districts, and there are fashions that regulate dress and laws of etiquette controlling manners quite as immutable as those that obtain on the slopes of Murray Hill.

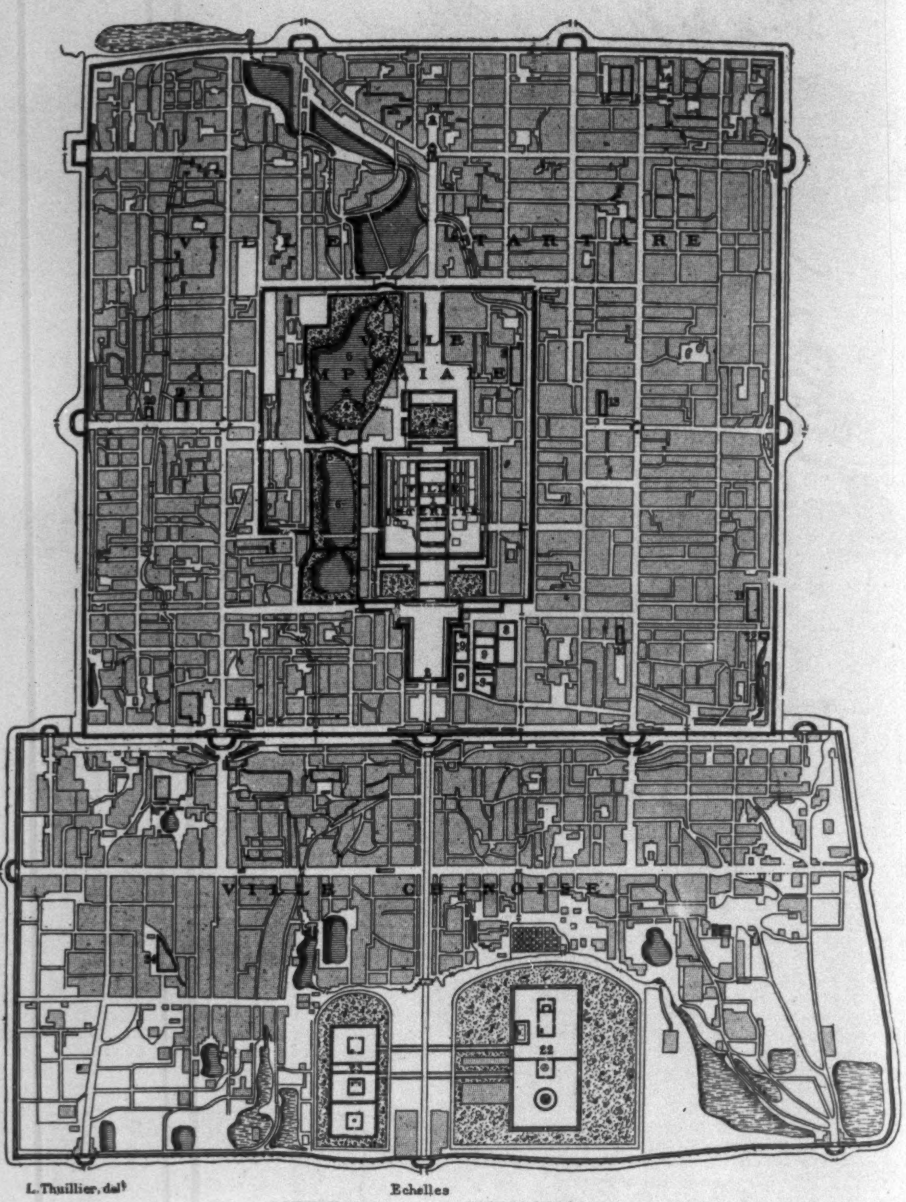
The business houses of the wholesale trade are, as a rule, unoccupied after business hours, but in the office buildings there is always a janitor and his family residing on the premises. These are the resident swells of this section. In the winter-time they are not much in evidence after nightfall, but in summer they sit at the doors of the buildings and on the sidewalk in chairs, and have the free manners of villagers rather than what one would expect from the denizens of the metropolis. These janitors and their families are hard-working people in the main, but they are not in the social scale of ordinary laborers, but, on the contrary, they are frequently employers of labor, for a large force is needed of men and women to keep one of these office buildings clean. Indeed, in the very largest of the buildings the janitors are not called such, but are usually dignified with the title of superintendent. When such is the case, the bearer of this title feels that he must not live in the house, as the ordinary janitor does, and not do his work in his room, but have a house or apartment somewhere out of the district, and transact his business in his office.

These residents of the business quarter have their social circles, and usually call them "coteries." They have dances in the winter and picnics in the summer, and the young people are not the least to be envied of the dwellers in New York. Some of them, indeed many of the men, are of political consequence in the down-town wards, and every now and then a member of the Board of Aldermen comes from the janitors' ranks. One among them had the distinction to be indicted among the notorious "boodle aldermen" a few years ago. When the band plays in the Battery Park that pretty piece of green is filled with visitors of this janitor class. And very well appearing, too, they are. Their manners are different from those that obtain on upper Fifth Avenue, and the cold stare which now answers for a glance among the smart members of the swell set would be counted as insolent down-town, and likely as not provoke a fight. The young men "keep company" with their girls, and the young women have their "fellers"; but there is nothing immodest in the relationship. The young woman is "Sadie" or "Katie" to her "feller" from the beginning, and he to her is "Billy" or "Johnny" from the start. From the ranks of this class many men of note have risen. We have had lawyers and doctors and even preachers recruited here. During the day the janitor has a chance to meet many persons who can help along any ambitious member of the family. The boys can become office messengers and clerks, and the girls type-writers and stenographers.

But to the casual visitor of down-town after business hours in the summer-time the most interesting places to be found are the hotels, and these are really very numerous. Many of them are on Broadway, and of these every one knows; but many also are on the cross streets and on streets back from the great thoroughfare. These hotels are usually filled the year round. Some who stay at them stay permanently; but the many are merely transient visitors who have come to town on business. If these wanted to see the gay side of metropolitan life they would not stop down-town, but go up in the neighborhoods where the theatres are open, and where the streets do not seem ever to go to sleep. They are quiet folk, who come to attend to their business and get back home. When the nights are fair and warm, and there are many such in New York from the 1st of June to the end of September, these guests of the down-town hotels move their chairs upon the sidewalks and sit out into the streets, smoking and chatting and enjoying the passing breeze with as much unconcern as though they were upon some village green, and not in the busiest part of the busiest town in the world.

This is the custom now at the Astor House, in front of which any warm evening scores of guests may be seen enjoying what little breeze blows up from the bay. Before the street railway was put into Broadway, the chairs from these hotels—the New York, the Grand Central, the Metropolitan, and the Astor—stretched almost into the middle of the roadway, and these great houses had somewhat the appearance of country taverns. The quickly passing horse-cars compel these sitters-out to keep near the sidewalk now, but on some of the side streets the old custom of taking up a large share of the roadway is still kept up. In one particularly clean and neat and comfortable down-town hotel—a house well known to literary men, as it is the home of Robert Louis Stevenson and of Dr. Edward Eggleston when they are in New York—the sitters in the street of hot nights sometimes take up so much room that the infrequent cabs passing have to be driven with great care else some one will be run over. The down-town of New York, even when business is over, is not the least interesting place in the world. It amply repays a visit and would reward careful study.

Jno. Gilmer Speed.



L. Thuillier, del.t Echelles

500 Tchang. 500 1000 Mètres

PLAN OF PEKIN.—From a French Engraving.

1. Imperial Palace.
2. *Tai-tsing-men* (Gate of Great Purity).
3. Buddhist Monastery.
4. Monastery of Eternal Repose.
5. Marble Bridge.
6. The Golden Lake.
7. The Gate of Heaven.
8. Academy of Han-Lin.
9. The Legations.
10. Temple of Glorious Devotion.
11. Examining College.
12. Observatory Tower.
13. Monastery of Lung-fu-tse.
14. Great Buddhist Monastery of Yung-ho-kung.
15. Temple of Confucius.
16. Imperial University.
17. Clock Tower.
18. Drum Tower.
19. Temple of Ancient Dynasties.
20. Pe-ta-tse.
21. Catholic Church.
22. Temple of Heaven.
23. Altar of the Earth.
24. Buddhist Monastery.

PEKIN.

[*Continued from page 825.*]

hired assistants, the huge catafalque itself, loaded with gilded sculpture, and hung with beautifully embroidered blue silk hangings.

The filth of the streets is yet another element of the picturesque. No description could possibly give an idea of it. Dust two feet deep, or lakes of mud, and at every turn heaps of refuse, for which half-naked beggars are fighting with mangy dogs; every conceivable smell, and every conceivable variety of rubbish, no police, and no drainage!

Moreover, water is scarce, and the people have only their wells for drinking and every other purpose. In fact, Pekin has no river. At one time the little stream of Yu-ko, rising in the hills of the Summer Palace, partially watered the town, filling the moats of the fortifications and flowing into the Pei-ho about fifteen miles away on the east. But now the bed has been all but filled up with *débris* from the banks, and the thin stream of water is barely sufficient to feed the great lake of the imperial gardens.

Pekin formerly owned a very extensive system of sewers; but the indifference of the municipal authorities has permitted them to be choked up to such an extent that they now scarcely even carry away the liquids which are emptied into them. In the best-preserved portions the flag-stones, laid side by side, which form the upper prop, are all loose, and in most cases they are either broken or have been taken away altogether, the sewerage being thus laid bare, poisoning the air with its fetid emanations. In many places, the streets not being paved, the soil, worn to dust by the constant traffic and swept by the winds of winter, has sunk to the level of the sewer, so that the liquid refuse filters through, and during the heavy rains, torrential rains of summer, the stagnant mud rushes out of gaping fissures and surges on to the foot-path. Hence the terrible periodical epidemics which occur every year, and decimate the population of Pekin.

The chief ornaments of the streets are the fronts of the shops. Large panels of carved wood, sometimes gilded, frame the façades, the carvings representing dragons, phœnixes, or other fantastic animals framed in complicated arabesques. The effect is very decorative; and I have seen some wonderful examples of wood-carving amongst these shop decorations. Besides the name of the owner of the shop written on the door, the contents of his store are announced in many-colored letters and in attractive descriptions in panels hung out perpendicularly so as to face the passers-by. In fact, in the chief commercial quarters, the sign-boards encroach upon the foot-path and impede traffic.

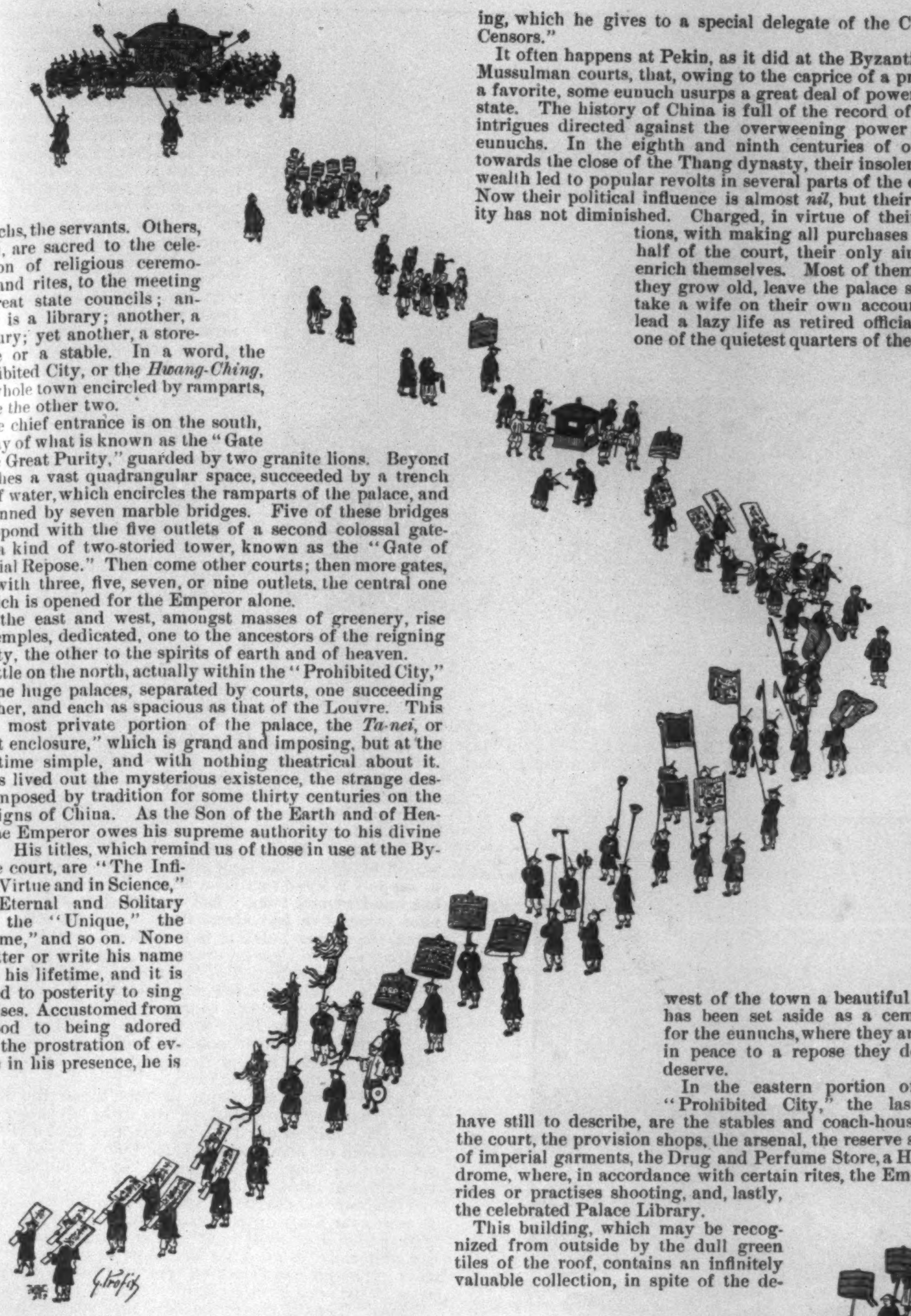
On the other hand, the private houses, as they all have an outer wall and several entrance courts, contribute nothing to the beauty of the street. We must note, *en passant*, that each family has its private residence, proving the love of home so great amongst the Chinese. The humblest artisan wishes to live alone with his family, and nothing would tempt him to join the complex establishments now becoming so common in Europe. Nowhere, in fact, is the home more sacred than in China, nowhere are the ties of blood stronger or the responsibilities they involve more fully recognized. In fact, they are no less binding, no less sacred, than those which hold the body-politic together.

One other characteristic feature of the streets of Pekin is the sculptured portico—a sort of arch in wood or stone called *Pai-leou*, which is about thirty feet high, and is pierced with three to five bays. The object of such arches is to commemorate the great men and the great actions of the past. They are generally in honor of a hero, a celebrated sage, a poet, or a thinker of genius, or perhaps a great state officer; but now and then we find one to the memory of private men or women, to some of those noble souls who, though they worked in a narrow sphere, yet realized that, however humble the lot, it could be nobly lived, and who have left behind them an aroma of virtue, courage, and devotion.

The same considerations of policy and prudence which led the emperors to build, side by side, the two cities known as the Chinese and Tartar towns, inspired them with the idea of building yet a third city, also immured in an encircling wall, and which they reserved for the private residence of their own family and the great dignitaries of the state.

This is the Imperial or Yellow City—the Prohibited City, or the *Hwang-Ching*. It is enclosed within a wall some two miles in circumference and more than fifty feet high, cased in a pink rough casting, and covered with tiles varnished with a yellow glaze. Besides the residence of the Son of Heaven, this wall encloses the Palaces of the Princes, which can be identified by the big-headed nails on the outer gates, the ministers' houses, temples, convents, parks, an artificial hill planted with cypresses and loaded with altars and pagodas, and lastly a great lake called the Golden Lake, covered with lotus-plants, bordered with gardens, and spanned by the celebrated Marble Bridge. As time has gone on, and one dynasty has succeeded another, however, this secluded district has lost something of its strictly official character. The people of Pekin are now allowed to enter it, a few private houses have even been erected, and in some of the narrower streets shops have been opened.

The most important part of the Yellow City is the Imperial Residence, which has lost nothing of its antique splendor and majesty. It is not a palace in the Western acceptation of the term, but a collection of a hundred buildings, each isolated in the midst of courts and gardens, arranged with perfect symmetry, and each devoted to some special purpose; one, for instance, is the home of the Emperor himself; another, of the Empress; another, of the secondary wives, the concubines, the princes and princesses of the imperial family; in others live the state functionaries, the guards, the



eunuchs, the servants. Others, again, are sacred to the celebration of religious ceremonies and rites, to the meeting of great state councils; another is a library; another, a treasury; yet another, a storehouse or a stable. In a word, the Prohibited City, or the *Hwang-Ching*, is a whole town encircled by ramparts, as are the other two.

The chief entrance is on the south, by way of what is known as the "Gate of the Great Purity," guarded by two granite lions. Beyond stretches a vast quadrangular space, succeeded by a trench full of water, which encircles the ramparts of the palace, and is spanned by seven marble bridges. Five of these bridges correspond with the five outlets of a second colossal gateway, a kind of two-storied tower, known as the "Gate of Celestial Repose." Then come other courts; then more gates, each with three, five, seven, or nine outlets, the central one of which is opened for the Emperor alone.

On the east and west, amongst masses of greenery, rise two temples, dedicated, one to the ancestors of the reigning dynasty, the other to the spirits of earth and of heaven.

A little on the north, actually within the "Prohibited City," are nine huge palaces, separated by courts, one succeeding the other, and each as spacious as that of the Louvre. This is the most private portion of the palace, the *Ta-nei*, or "great enclosure," which is grand and imposing, but at the same time simple, and with nothing theatrical about it. Here is lived out the mysterious existence, the strange destiny, imposed by tradition for some thirty centuries on the sovereigns of China. As the Son of the Earth and of Heaven, the Emperor owes his supreme authority to his divine origin. His titles, which remind us of those in use at the Byzantine court, are "The Infinite in Virtue and in Science," the "Eternal and Solitary One," the "Unique," the "Sublime," and so on. None dare utter or write his name during his lifetime, and it is reserved to posterity to sing his praises. Accustomed from babyhood to being adored and to the prostration of every one in his presence, he is

FUNERAL PROCESSION.—After a Chinese Drawing.

initiated at five years old in the knowledge of the canonical books, the celebration of religious rites, and the history of his ancestors. On the approach of his seventeenth year a bride is chosen for him from amongst the most noble and beautiful young girls of Mantchu origin, as well as two secondary princess wives and fifteen concubines. Interminable are the marriage ceremonies, in which take part six thousand persons of different rank, and in which everything—insignia and costumes, gestures and attitudes, speech and silence, processions and banquets, sacrifices and prayers, the most important and the most trivial details—is regulated with hieratic precision, the very mysteries of the bridal bed being subjected to the authority of inviolable religious rites. And the whole life of the man, who is absolute master of 450,000,000 of people, is but one long ceremony, divided into some hundreds of different acts, now religious, now political, but always grand and solemn. Even death does not free him from his sacred position, and in the majestic necropolis of *Tsun-houa* his soul is supposed to be still performing, amongst funereal rites, the same superhuman duties as in his life on earth. On the east and west of the central mass of palaces are two even larger groups of buildings and gardens symmetrically arranged. The western portion is sacred to the court officers, whose business it is to control the palace ceremonial and to look after the Imperial Treasury, which contains in six separate magazines gold and silver money, precious stones, furs, silks, the clothes and the stores of tea belonging to the Emperor. Quite near to them, behind the palace reserved for the Empress, the concubines, and the imperial family, is the *Lao-kong-tchou*, or house of the eunuchs. Of these there are some 3000, the chief of whom wears in his hat the crystal button of the mandarins of the fifth class. Set apart as personal attendants of the Emperor, they are the only men who share with him the right of appearing in the presence of the ladies of the imperial household. A European, better acquainted than any other foreigner with China, and who has long resided there—M. Deveria, the first Minister of Foreign Affairs accredited to the court of Pekin—gives us a curious detail of the very private functions performed by the eunuchs for their master: "In a room of the *Kien-tsing-kong* (the Palace of Celestial Purity) there are as many jade labels as there are women in the imperial household. On each label is engraved the name of a woman, and when the sovereign has turned over one of them, a eunuch goes the same evening and hangs a lantern at the door of the apartment of the woman thus indicated. She understands the signal, and awaits the coming of a eunuch, who carries her on his back, wrapped in nothing but a large red sleeveless mantle. It is the business of the same eunuch to draw up a report the next morning, which he gives to a special delegate of the Court of Censors."

It often happens at Pekin, as it did at the Byzantine and Mussulman courts, that, owing to the caprice of a prince or a favorite, some eunuch usurps a great deal of power in the state. The history of China is full of the record of palace intrigues directed against the overweening power of the eunuchs. In the eighth and ninth centuries of our era, towards the close of the Thang dynasty, their insolence and wealth led to popular revolts in several parts of the empire. Now their political influence is almost *nil*, but their cupidity has not diminished. Charged, in virtue of their functions, with making all purchases on behalf of the court, their only aim is to enrich themselves. Most of them, when they grow old, leave the palace service, take a wife on their own account, and lead a lazy life as retired officials. In one of the quietest quarters of the north-west of the town a beautiful park has been set aside as a cemetery for the eunuchs, where they are left in peace to a repose they do not deserve.

In the eastern portion of the "Prohibited City," the last we have still to describe, are the stables and coach-houses of the court, the provision shops, the arsenal, the reserve stores of imperial garments, the Drug and Perfume Store, a Hippodrome, where, in accordance with certain rites, the Emperor rides or practises shooting, and, lastly, the celebrated Palace Library.

This building, which may be recognized from outside by the dull green tiles of the roof, contains an infinitely valuable collection, in spite of the devastations which fire and pillage have again and again brought about. Every one knows how devoted the Chinese have ever been to the study of history. In marked contrast to India, where, dreams alone being supposed to be real, it was not worth while to record the incidents of actual life, the Chinese have felt from the first a need of transmitting to the future an authentic account of the past. Two thousand six hundred years before the Christian era there was in the capital of the empire a Historical Tribunal, the function of which was to register all meteorological phenomena and the chief political and social events of the day. The Chinese race was thus the first to own a National Chronicle; and its annals, as ancient as those of Egypt, and, moreover, continuously enriched during the course of some forty centuries, are now the most important historical monument of humanity.

Such, with its palaces, temples, gardens, official residences, and storehouses, is the residence of the Son of Heaven.

A town justly called the "Prohibited City"; for though it has a resident population of more than 8000, it is forbidden to any one, under pain of death, to enter its gates, except those whose rank, race, or duties authorize them to do so. Even the representatives of foreign countries have ever been refused the right of entry; and when, in 1873, the members of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to Pekin were admitted, for the first time, to salute the Emperor of China, it was outside the palace, in a pavilion of the western gardens, set apart for embassies from tributary countries, that they were received, and their audience only lasted five minutes. It was under similar conditions that they last year had to present their letters of credence to the young Emperor Kwang-Siu.

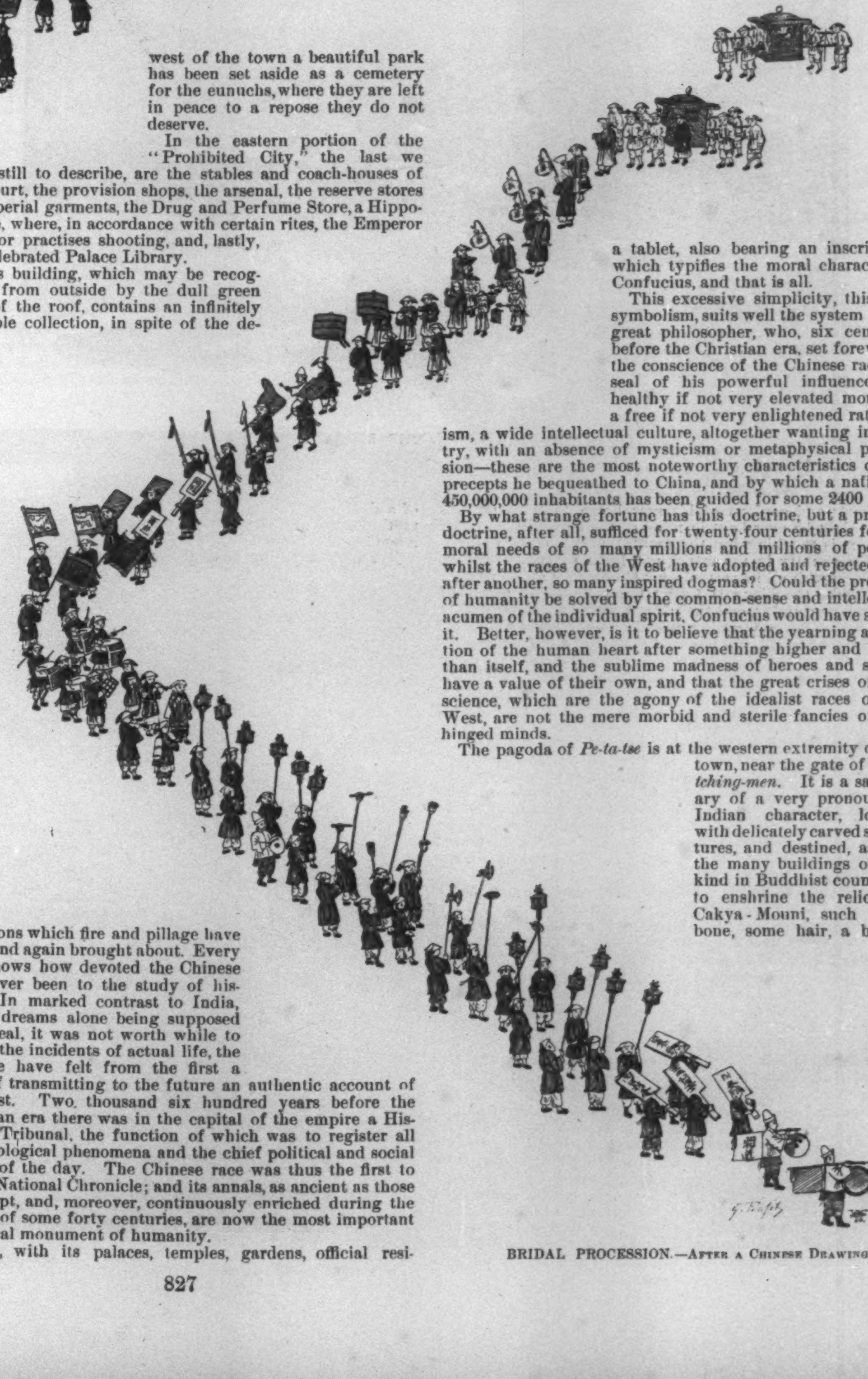
In the Tartar city, outside the imperial residences, there are many interesting buildings, such as the Academy of *Han-Lin;* the Astronomical Tribunal; the dreaded Tribunal of Censors; the Observatory Tower; the College in which examinations are held, where, as in the cells of a vast hive, 110,000 candidates are housed for the great annual competition for certificates as teachers; the University Palace, with its groves of venerable cypresses; the Clock Tower, *Tchoung-leou*, built in 1270, and restored in 1745, and the Drum Tower, *Kou-leou*, dating from the thirteenth century, both described by Marco Polo; the Temple of *Tchao-tsoung*, a kind of Pantheon, erected in memory of deeds of glory and devotion, the ancient Temple of *Li-tai-ti-wang*, where incense is ever kept burning in honor of the dynasties which have made China what it is; numerous Buddhist convents, the wealthiest and most venerated, that known as *Young-ho-Koung*, serving as a residence for one of the Grand Lamas of Thibet, a living incarnation of Buddha; and, to pause for a moment in this rush through Pekin, two of its most curious buildings, the great Temple of Confucius and the pagoda of *Pe-ta-tse*.

The great Temple of Confucius, built in 1300 by the Emperor Tching-wang, is at the northern extremity of the town, a few steps from *Han-ting-men*, the Gate of Eternal Repose.

A grand portico of sculptured stone, pierced with three semicircular bays, gives access to a court, in which grow venerable trees, perhaps the most beautiful in Pekin. At the end, above three marble terraces, rises a temple of simple but most majestic appearance. Even less pretentious than the exterior is the interior of the sanctuary, with its altar bearing censors and two torches, and above it a panel on which are engraved four characters in gold; whilst below is a tablet, also bearing an inscription, which typifies the moral character of Confucius, and that is all.

This excessive simplicity, this cold symbolism, suits well the system of the great philosopher, who, six centuries before the Christian era, set forever on the conscience of the Chinese race the seal of his powerful influence. A healthy if not very elevated morality, a free if not very enlightened rationalism, a wide intellectual culture, altogether wanting in poetry, with an absence of mysticism or metaphysical pretension—these are the most noteworthy characteristics of the precepts he bequeathed to China, and by which a nation of 450,000,000 inhabitants has been guided for some 2400 years. By what strange fortune has this doctrine, but a profane doctrine, after all, sufficed for twenty-four centuries for the moral needs of so many millions and millions of people, whilst the races of the West have adopted and rejected, one after another, so many inspired dogmas? Could the problem of humanity be solved by the common-sense and intellectual acumen of the individual spirit, Confucius would have solved it. Better, however, is it to believe that the yearning aspiration of the human heart after something higher and better than itself, and the sublime madness of heroes and saints, have a value of their own, and that the great crises of conscience, which are the agony of the idealist races of the West, are not the mere morbid and sterile fancies of unhinged minds.

The pagoda of *Pe-ta-tse* is at the western extremity of the town, near the gate of *Feou-tching-men*. It is a sanctuary of a very pronounced Indian character, loaded with delicately carved sculptures, and destined, as are the many buildings of the kind in Buddhist countries, to enshrine the relics of Cakya-Mouni, such as a bone, some hair, a bit of



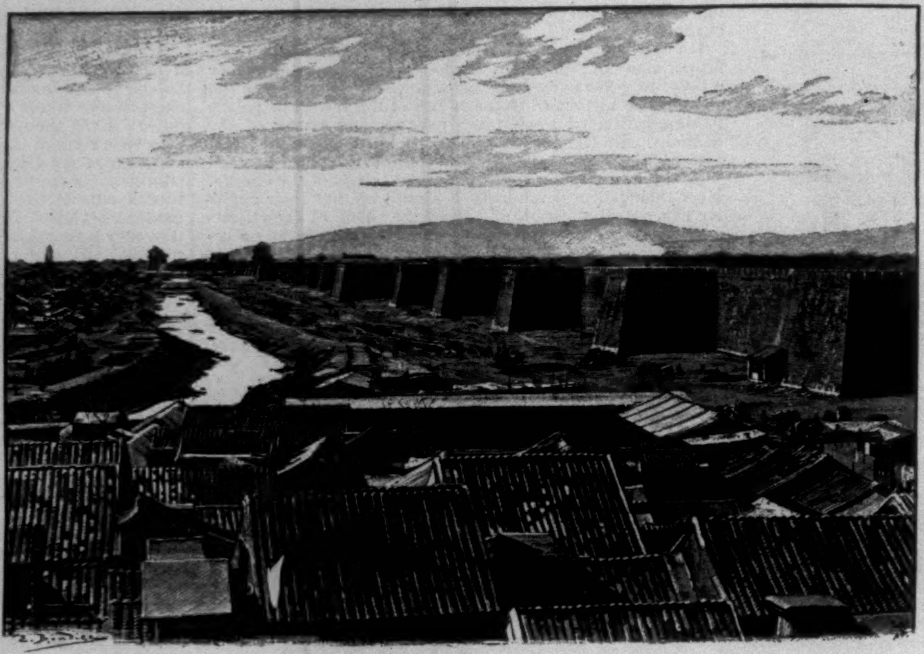
BRIDAL PROCESSION.—After a Chinese Drawing.

the robe or sash, or, even less than that, some object touched by the hand of the divine reformer.

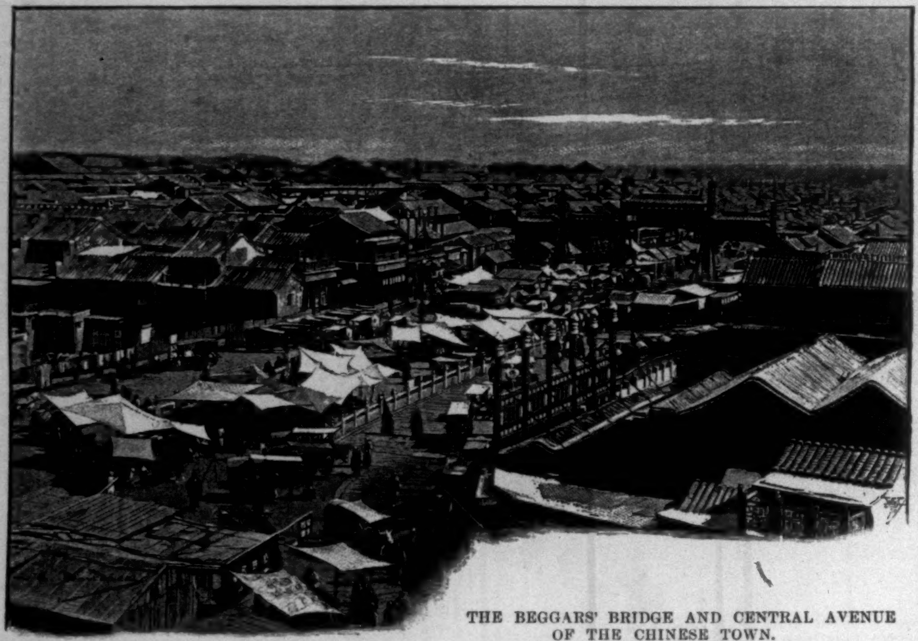
This building, with the Tower of the Observatory and the Temple of Confucius, calls up before the imagination the memory of the brilliant days of Mongol supremacy in Pekin.

During the reigns of Kublai-Khan and of the Yng-Tsungs, Pekin attained to a position unique in its long history. For a whole century, from about 1260 to 1368, the Chinese capital was the centre of Asia, a focus of literary and scientific culture, and perhaps the spot, of all the world, in which the human intellect was most unfettered and most daring in its flights.

But the Mongols were wanting in political acumen. Pre-eminent in making conquests, they were, like the Arabs, incapable of founding a durable government. After reigning for more than a century in China, they disappeared from history, leaving scarcely any trace. After as before their domination the Chinese people remained intact, retaining its own peculiar genius, its rites, its traditions, and its individual conscience. The combined exclusive and nomad instincts of the Mongols were too ineradicable for them to amalgamate with the conquered races. One pretty anecdote illustrating this has been preserved to us by the historians of the Mongol dynasty. When Kublai-Khan had the Palace of Pekin built, he sent to the deserts of Mongolia for a little plant which grows there in abundance, and is called the *tsing-tsao*, or blue grass, and had it planted in



GATES OF PEKIN.



THE BEGGARS' BRIDGE AND CENTRAL AVENUE OF THE CHINESE TOWN.

the courts and gardens of his new home, that his descendants might be ever kept in mind of their primitive origin. The idea is touching, but the precaution was quite unneeded. No country in the world, not India in all its beauty, not Persia with all its marvels, not China with all its wealth, could make the Mongols forget the melancholy plains of their native country, and their hearts were ever oppressed in their exile with a yearning nostalgia—a homesickness for their wandering life and the wild poetry of the steppes.

We must not leave Pekin without mentioning the foreign legations. It must not be forgotten that, according to treaty, Pekin is not open to foreign trade. Diplomatists, missionaries, and the few Europeans in the service of the Central Custom-house of China are the only outsiders allowed to reside in the country. The legations are all grouped together in the same quarter, on the southeast of the town, in one of the wide transverse avenues, and consist of old Chinese palaces converted as best may be to their new purpose. The French Legation is in the midst of a fine park, and is the largest if not the most comfortable. Formerly the residence of a Tartar prince, it was ceded to the French government after the signature of the treaty of peace on the 25th October, 1860.

The "Chinese Town," which nestles against the southern rampart of the "Tartar City," is far from presenting the same picturesque appearance or inspiring the same architectural interest. The streets are narrow and tortuous, dirty, and more evil-smelling if possible than those of the other town; the police are even more negligent, the beggars more numerous and more insolent. It is true that an attempt has been made to achieve a more symmetrical appearance for this net-work of lanes and alleys, and two wide thoroughfares, intersecting each other at right angles, have been pierced from north to south and from east to west, but the general aspect of the quarters they pass through is not modified. It is the quarter for trade and industries, shops and workshops, theatres and restaurants, opium dens and places of amusement.

We meet with the same uniformity in the buildings here as elsewhere in Pekin. There is nothing on the outside to distinguish theatres from ordinary houses. The entrance is generally no more than a low door giving access to a court, at the end of which rises a building of no architectural style. The inside is merely an open parterre for spectators, a stage without curtains, and one gallery, the whole of the utmost simplicity. In the gallery and on the parterre are set out a number of little tables, at which during the acting, which generally begins about five o'clock in the afternoon, the spectators regale themselves with drinking tea, eating, and smoking. On the stage, to the accompaniment of a deafening orchestra, is represented some historical or mythological drama, some comedy, or perhaps one of those long domestic plays which so delight the Chinese imagination.

Nor does anything distinguish the restaurants from any other houses, unless perhaps the front, which is ingeniously contrived to serve as kitchen and office, so that before going in the customer can judge of the appearance of the food and the skill and care of the cooks preparing it.

The same with the opium dens; there is nothing about them to attract the attention of the passers-by except a few scraps of yellow paper stuck on to the doors. If the traveller has any curiosity to penetrate into the interior of the establishment, he will see two or more rooms divided into cabins by thin partitions, and in each cabin three wooden or marble couches arranged as in a triclinium. The smoker settles himself down on one of these couches, lying on his left side, with a mat to rest on and a cushion for his neck. A pipe is then brought to him, consisting of a reed tube and a small metal jade or porcelain brazier, a little lighted lamp, and a tin bowl in which are three or four grammes of liquid extract of opium. He takes a little drop of the narcotic on the point of a needle, places it daintily in the brazier, and bringing his pipe thus filled to the flame of the lamp, he inhales at a single breath the smoke of the burning opium. The air becomes impregnated with a thick and acrid vapor and pervaded by a heavy enervating smell, and the corners of the room are shrouded in a dim mist. No sound of voices is heard, only now and then an indistinct sigh. The smokers are wrapped in a dream-laden atmosphere of lethargy.

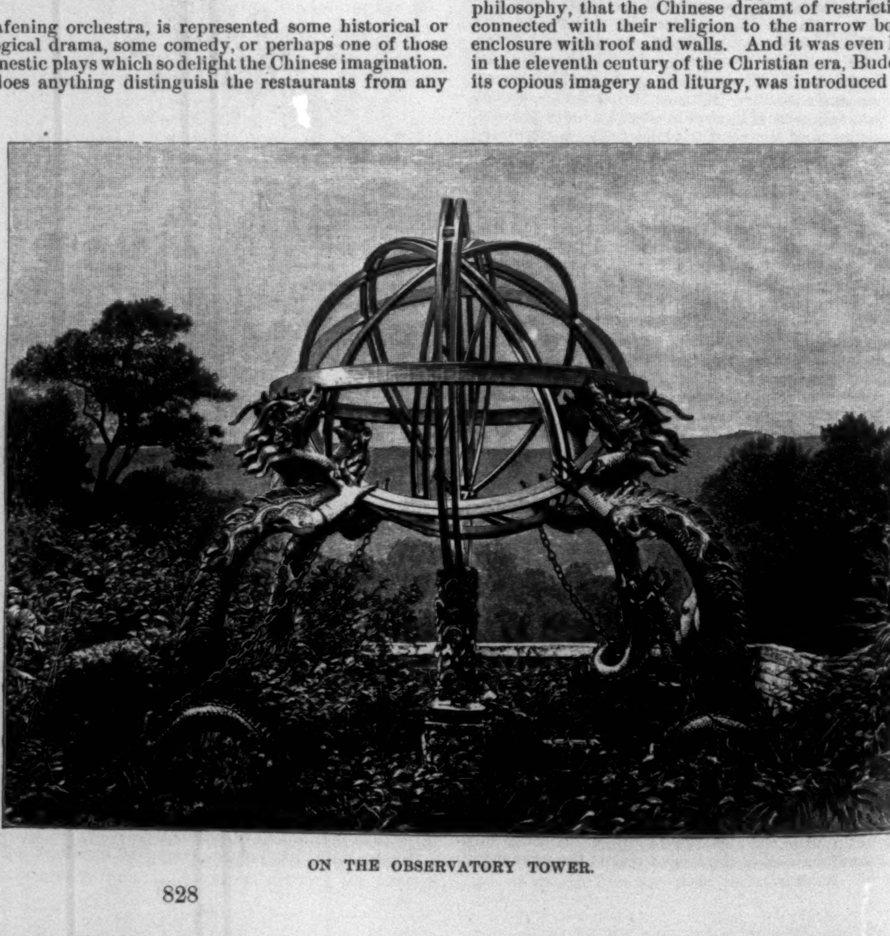
The Chinese town contains but two monuments of importance, the "Temple of Heaven" and the "Altar of the Earth."

Surrounded by a wall a league in circumference, the Temple of Heaven rises abruptly without roof and without walls. It consists of three circular terraces enclosed within marble balustrades, and rising one above the other to support a stone sacrificial table. The lowest terrrace is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and the highest rises twenty-five feet above the level of the soil. Round about the sacred building is a thicket of venerable trees, shutting out the view on every side, and compelling, so to speak, the concentration of the attention upon the canopy of heaven. There are few monuments in the world which are at once so simple and so grand.

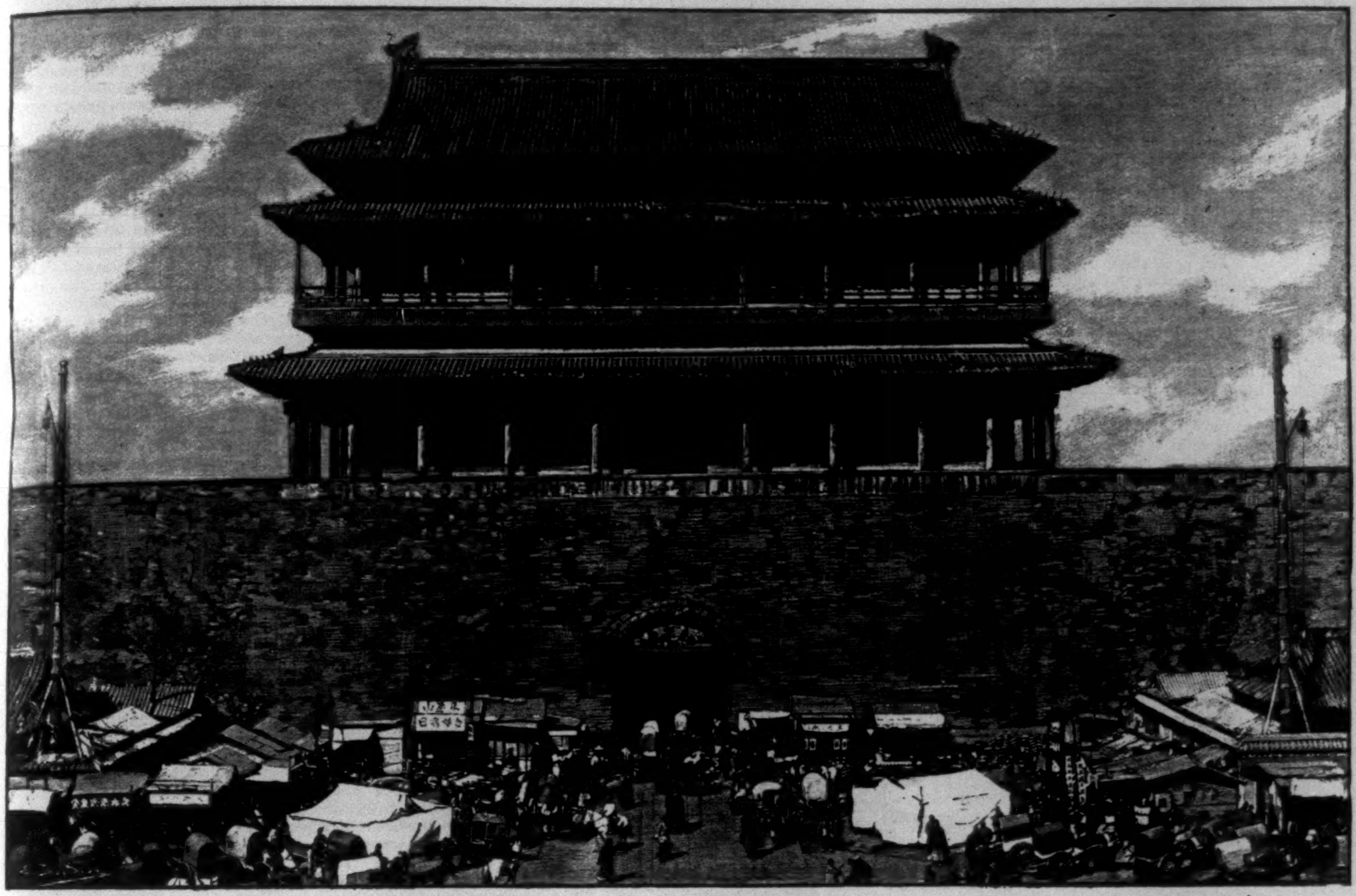
It is here that the Emperor comes three times a year, at the winter and summer solstices and at the beginning of spring, to sacrifice to that Heaven of which he is supposed to be the Emanation upon earth.

This building was erected in 1421, under the Emperor Ywang-lo, third sovereign of the Ming dynasty. Until 1531, the sacrifices due from the Emperor to the earth were also offered up here, but from that date a special altar was set aside for them on the other side of the Esplanade, near the principal entrance to the temple.

These two monuments, sacred to a special religious service in which the Emperor is the sole officiating priest, are altogether unique of their kind, and are the sole exceptions to the uniformity of all other buildings in China. Doubtless they represent the primitive type of Chinese temples, the altar in the open air in a sacred enclosure, the *temenos* of the Aryans. The Chinese of the olden time were unable to conceive the idea of in any way shutting up the Divinity and building for Him a house with roof and walls; they never personified their gods, and though they offered sacrifices to the powers of nature, they adored them in symbols, not in actual realities. It was not until, as time went on and worship became more complicated, the naïve and simple customs of archaic times were supplemented by a system of philosophy, that the Chinese dreamt of restricting the rites connected with their religion to the narrow bounds of an enclosure with roof and walls. And it was even later, when, in the eleventh century of the Christian era, Buddhism, with its copious imagery and liturgy, was introduced into China,



ON THE OBSERVATORY TOWER.



THE "GATE OF HEAVEN," BETWEEN THE TARTAR AND CHINESE TOWNS.

that the plan of the temple was modified and expanded, till it assumed the form and the architectural importance retained to the present day.

Besides these two sacred buildings, and a temple dedicated to Kwang-yin, goddess of grace and pity, there is next to nothing to see in the "Chinese City," except, perhaps, near the old porcelain manufactory of *Leao-ti-tchang*, the beautiful mosque of *Li-pai-tse*, the most important in Pekin. In fact, it is well known that Mohammedanism, introduced into China in the seventh century, now owns some twenty million votaries, dwelling in the midst of the professors of Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism.

As with the Buddhist temples, there is nothing about the outside of Chinese mosques to indicate to the stranger to what religion they belong.

The number of Mussulmans living at Pekin is about 25,000. They enjoy a monopoly of the trade of butchers, and also of the management of the public baths. Their sign-boards are generally surmounted by a crescent.

Their manners and customs differ greatly from those of the other inhabitants of China, though there is nothing to indicate this about their physiognomies or their costumes. They keep themselves to themselves, intermarry, and have the reputation of being very charitable to their fellow-believers, so that there is a saying in the town that "there are no poor amongst the Mussulmans."

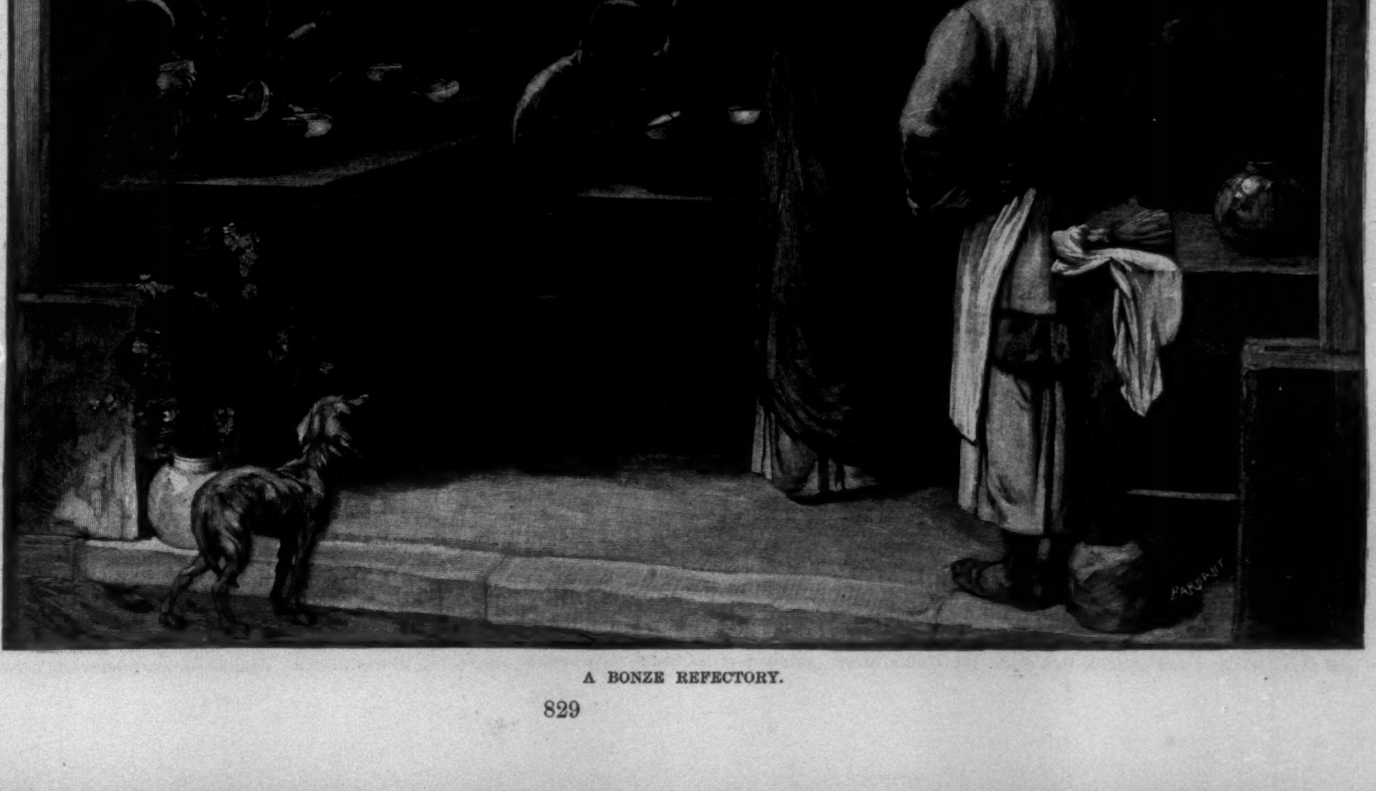
This last peculiarity is the more noteworthy when we remember that Pekin, great town though it be, owns not a single public or private asylum for the indigent, the sick, the infirm, or for foreigners. Now and then in the wealthy quarters a few distributions are made to the poor of alms or medicaments, but these individual gifts, which have no official or social character, are nearly always the outcome of a love of ostentation rather than of true charity.

As a result, beggars are the curse, the most crying and shameful evil of Pekin. Numbering some 80,000, they form a kind of caste, a fraternity, with their own traditions and privileges, such as those of the mendicants of the Middle Ages in western Europe, and, like them, having their "Emperor of Galilee, Duke of Egypt, or King of Thunes," that is to say, an elected chief to whom they all yield obedience. The most curious feature of the whole institution is that the chief, whose headquarters are on the Bridge of the Gate of Heaven, is recognized by the police of Pekin, who deal directly with him in matters relating to the corporation of the town.

As for the misery of these beggars, no description could give any idea of it. But for a rag about their loins, they are stark naked. Even in the severest winter, when the bitter wind sweeps across the Mongolian steppes, and the thermometer is far below zero, the poor wretches have, most of them, not a shred of clothing to wrap about their shoulders, and they succumb to the cold every night by hundreds. Gaunt and wan, covered with vermin and sores, they wander about the town, harrowing the feelings of the passers-by with their piteous lamentations, and fighting with dogs for a share in the refuse of the streets; or for hours together they crouch outside a shop, driving purchasers away by their mere presence, till the owner gets out of patience and flings them a few coins in self-defence. When night comes, they seek shelter under a bridge beneath the gates of the town, or in some tumble-down house, lying down helter-skelter, men, women, young girls, and children, in a promiscuous heap. Their physical misery is such that their moral degradation is overlooked. From their faces all traces of an inner life are wiped out; like the beasts, they can only endure, and seem, to some extent, to have lost the capacity for suffering.

In stating above that Pekin owns no public charitable institution, I forgot the celebrated Foundling Asylum, *Ou-ying-tan*, which was founded in the seventeenth century by the great Emperor Kwang-ti. In fact, on the southwest of the Chinese town, near the gate of *Cha-hoa-men*, is a good-sized hospital for the reception, care, and instruction of orphans and abandoned children. But although the establishment exists, one cannot say that it is in operation; for the money devoted to it by law is hardly ever paid, and the small amount collected barely suffices to support the director. The buildings are tumbling to pieces. There are no inmates, and perhaps not ten children get any help from it. The only genuine cases relieved are the poor dead children picked up in the streets every morning. Two carts, drawn by oxen, pass slowly along the streets, stopping at the cross-roads to receive the corpses brought by the relations, or which have been exposed at night in the public thoroughfares. These bodies are all taken to the *Ou-ying-tan*, and laid together in a building set apart for them, and at the end of every week they are buried *en masse* in a common grave. The number of corpses thus collected varies from thirty to fifty a day, and in times of epidemic rises to more than a hundred; and this is the result of misery and illness alone. Crime has but an infinitesimal share in the appalling total, in spite of its having been said that infanticide is a custom, indeed an institution, in China. The only guilty people in the matter are not individuals, but society and the government, which leave unaided poor women about to become mothers, and allow hundreds of beggars, like wandering bitches, to bring forth their young in the streets.

To wind up this grewsome catalogue of the horrors of Pekin, we must mention yet one more. In the Chinese town, at the junction of the avenue of *Tich-wang-tche-men* and the great transversal artery, is the place where, as a general rule, is held the fruit and vegetable market. But once a year, after the great autumn assizes, it is the scene of the execution of criminals, who are generally strangled or beheaded. At nine o'clock in the morning the condemned, who usually number about thirty, are brought down in a cart, naked to



A BONZE REFECTORY.

the waist, with their hands tied behind them, and their pigtails coiled up on the top of their heads. They get out at one of the corners of the cross-roads, and crouch on the ground amongst their keepers. There is neither platform, scaffold, nor gallows; in a word, nothing indicates the approaching tragedy except, at the opening of the main thoroughfare, the seats for the magistrates and police-officers, the latter in full uniform. In one corner the executioner, wearing a yellow apron, arranges on the ground the instruments of justice, which are like very large knives. But the time for the executions is not yet come; the magistrates sit quietly smoking; the spectators stare listlessly about them; and the condemned men talk to each other, betraying in their faces none of the anguish of this terrible waiting.

Half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, pass thus. At last there is a stir in the crowd; the magistrates rise; the condemned lift up their heads. A horseman, escorted by foot-guards, appears in the distance, carrying in his hand a small chest covered with yellow stuff. The chest is ceremoniously placed on the table, and one of the magistrates takes from it a carefully folded paper. This is the imperial edict ordering the execution. On the list of names some are marked with a red circle, made by the august hand of the Emperor himself. These are the ones that are to perish; the rest are pardoned, and are not told until this late moment of the grace accorded to them, that they may share with their less fortunate companions the horrors of apprehension of this last hour. But the doom is even now often only deferred, the pardon only a respite; and the next year these same poor wretches are brought back to the place of mourning and handed over to the executioner. At last the horrible scene commences. The criminal who is to be beheaded is taken to the middle of the square; he kneels upon the ground; an assistant standing by seizes him by the pigtail; the executioner raises his knife, and with one blow cuts off his head. Another condemned man kneels beside the corpse lying in the dust; the executioner takes another knife, and the operation is repeated. If the victim is to be strangled, he is made to lie flat on his face on the ground, with a rope round his neck; the executioner places his foot upon the nape of his victim, and whilst the assistants hold his legs, pulls the rope till suffocation ensues. All the Europeans who have witnessed executions in China testify to the courage, or rather the indifference, shown by the condemned in meeting their fate. They await the supreme moment without any outward sign of emotion; and when the butchery begins, they do not even turn their eyes away from the sight of their companions' agony, and when their own turn comes they voluntarily place themselves in the hands of the executioner. Nothing can explain this perfect indifference, this apathy with death close at hand, unless it be feelings less sensitive and an imagination less vivid than ours. The execution over, the corpses are taken away on a tumbrel; the executioner sprinkles a little dust over the blood in the ruts of the roads, and whilst the sellers of fruit and vegetables are setting out their wares again, the executioner puts the heads that have been cut off in a wicker cage and hangs it on a post, where it remains until the decay of the flesh leaves the skulls bare.

We have still one district to visit in the "Chinese Town," a vast tract stretching all along the southern rampart, consisting of nothing but ruins and deserted thoroughfares, the very streets having become obliterated amongst the accumulated rubbish. Not a cart, not a passer-by, to be seen. Only, perhaps, here and there a hovel still standing, a beggar of ghastly visage, a few half-naked children grovelling in the nameless *débris*, or some old, yellow, wrinkled hag, who looks at you with dull eyes from which all expression is gone. Very striking is the contrast with the animation of the neighboring quarters. It is as though one were suddenly transported to a dead city retaining but a few vestiges of a life gone by.

The outskirts of large towns are always ugly and dreary, but I think those of Pekin are worse than any others, consisting as they do of ill-smelling slums, mud villages, ill-kept market gardens, and tracts of deserted country. And yet there is a certain poetry about them, a poetry they owe to their tombs. In China, in fact, the dead are not crowded together, nor is space grudged for graves, as in Europe. Tombs are scattered about in the fields, the woods, and the parks, set down in shady solitudes, for the living wish to secure to the dead peace in the mysterious life beyond the tomb. In fact, the Chinese hold the departed in special reverence, they feel for them an infinitely tender pity, they lavish prayers and offerings such as flowers and fruit upon them, and nowhere else are so many memorials taken to the grave or so many tears shed at the tomb as in China.

The neighborhood of Pekin is therefore dotted with tombs, generally mere grass-clad mounds, often an altar with a shrub at each corner, more rarely a cedar-wood temple. And amongst all these funereal monuments there are three which have a special place in the veneration of the European. These are the little cemeteries where the missionaries are buried. The oldest and most important is on the west of the town, near the gate of *Ping-tse-men*, and in it there are eighty-eight pyramidal tombs adorned with interlaced dragons. There rest Fathers Ricci, Schall, Régis, Castiglione, and Verbiest, who, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, knew how to win the favor of the emperors, and hoped some day to win for the Christian religion official recognition. But where are the remains of the first apostles of Christianity in China, of John of Montecorvino, who died Archbishop of Pekin in 1333, of Father Benoist de Goes, and of many others who came forth to die in a sacred cause four thousand leagues from their native country? Last time I was at the cemetery two Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, who have a little orphanage near by, were reciting their orisons there. Unlike the priests of the missions, who have all adopted the Chinese costume, and plait their hair in Tartar style, these ladies, in the midst of a hostile population, still wear the traditional dress of their order. Their white caps and bluish-gray dresses produce a very singular effect here. Simple-hearted and gentle, with peaceful faces, they seemed to me in the quiet secluded enclosure the very living embodiment of poetry, feminine charity, and self-sacrificing religious devotion.

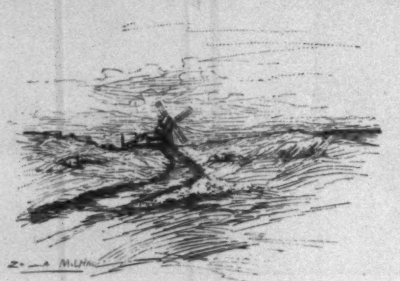
Such are the general appearance and character of the capital of the Chinese Empire. The town is truly unique alike in the intense interest it inspires and the indelible impression it leaves on the mind. It perfectly represents the country of which it is the chief town, and in its walls and its monuments it sums up, so to speak, the strange and wonderful destinies of the Chinese race. How marvellous is the phenomenon of that extraordinary empire! There is nothing in the least resembling it in the West. We are acquainted with many civilizations, but they all had an origin, a gradual development, and a decline; they seem to have enjoyed prosperity but for an instant before they began to waste away and crumble into dust. But China, after forty centuries of existence, remains the same, unchangeable, sufficient to itself. More than two thousand years before the Christian era the great outlines of its history were traced, and its individuality was already established.

Truly this is a fact without parallel, and far more marvellous than anything in the antique civilizations of the West. But why does it not stir us more deeply? Why do we give to China the recognition of our minds, but not of our hearts? Because it has ever held itself aloof as a family apart from every other branch of the human race. For twenty-five centuries it has ignored the West, and when at last it recognized its existence, it was but to despise it. No other nation has maintained an exclusiveness so superb or an isolation alike so egotistic and so obstinate. Alone, for itself and by itself, it has solved all the problems of civilization; it has never ceased to be *Chinese* in order to be human; no moral affinity, no sentiment of humanity, binds it to us, and its past of four thousand years holds not a memory in common with us. What sympathy, then, can we be expected to feel for it?

It is all this which Pekin interprets so faithfully. This is why the ancient Chinese city interests and astonishes us without being able to charm us. This is why, in spite of the wonderful visions of remote antiquity it calls up for us, it will never inspire our imaginations with the noble and melancholy dreams which come to us as a matter of course elsewhere, whenever we are able to inhale the aroma of days long gone by, and to recall to life the spirit of the past.

GENERAL TCHENG-KI-TONG.

NOTE.—"Paris," the first paper of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," published in No. 1837 of HARPER'S WEEKLY; the second paper, "St. Petersburg," in No. 1841; the third paper, "Constantinople," in No. 1846; the fourth paper, "Rome," in No. 1850; the fifth paper, "Geneve," in No. 1856; the sixth paper, "Athens," in No. 1859.



THE SPREAD OF OUT-DOOR LIFE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE fondness of modern city people for out-of-door life and sports has long been especially noticeable in New York. Indeed, its influence has had time to work wonders. No one need now be considered fanciful or extravagant if he claims that this latter-day enthusiasm over sunshine and air has revolutionized a fraction of society. The great physical improvement in those who are able to indulge themselves as they please is plainly and generally noticeable. Regard for the health of children led to the shortening of the school terms, that has brought about longer summer visits to the country, and now communities of cottage residents surround most of the water-side rural hotels, in which the rich and the well-to-do were wont to board only a month's time or less. The vacation has lengthened into three months with all, a full summer-time with a few. Whole families have accustomed themselves to the out-of-door vacations they at first sought to give only to their children. College sports have sought recruits from the ranks of the adult men who have themselves imported the athletic games of the leisure class of England. And games at which mothers and daughters play side by side with boys and men wax in popularity every year.

At first it was the boys who exhibited the good effects of the social revolution. Time was, and not very long ago, when the sturdy boys of the metropolis were found in the greatest numbers in the public schools and the districts inhabited by persons in middling circumstances. The boys in the well-to-do families were apt to be spare, narrow-chested, and of such appearance that the more rugged city children called them by contemptuous nicknames, all implying that they were girlish. Such puny lads are not now anything like being numerous enough to represent a class. The once derided "mother's apron-strings" have been woven into tennis nets, and the hands of the "girl-boys" now grip baseball and cricket bats. Three months of country life with "city improvements," and nine months of 'cycling, boxing, sprinting, and gymnastics, have given them muscle and lungs, until the juvenile crowd in town accept it as an axiom that a well-dressed lad is worth avoiding when persecution or mischief is intended.

The girls, too, are obviously a better sort; not better than their mothers were, necessarily, for New York is forever freshened and strengthened by country-bred men, who draw in country-bred women for their wives. But the born city girls are distinctly finer women than born city girls used to be. The very boyish boys, of the age when boys are apt to be an all-sufficient sex unto themselves, no longer avoid the girls, who now have their parts and places in the sports and games of the courts and fields. Baseball and cricket are of the masculine gender still, but golf and tennis, boating, riding, and driving, are all the enjoyment of both sexes. The girls have borrowed part of the boyish equipment in these days. They have muscles. They wear loose and easy clothing, and they swing along with an athletic animal movement that would have been called very ungenteel in their mothers if their mothers could have imitated it. Men of country birth see that their country-bred wives are reproduced in their town-bred daughters, and city men by the sea-side note that their little girls are as ruddy and brown and vigorous and physically capable as the country children of the neighborhood. Thus much of the children; they have had the longest holidaying.

What of the men and women? There are yet thousands of bent and wrinkled men, too young for such despoilment to be natural, in the barracks of down-town offices, and there are too many weak and nervous women in the uptown mansions. But the change is coming. The short round of hotel living between White Sulphur and Saratoga or Cape May and Bar Harbor now claims others in greater proportion than it entices the heads of well-to-do New York families. These are now summer cottagers, and between Barnegat Bay and Sandy Hook on the Jersey coast and Rockaway and East Hampton on Long Island are more than a score of little summer cities which have sprung into being in less than a dozen years. Nine in ten of the residents in these places are heads of families in which the larger number are children. But there are enough among them who are not children, and who are getting the uttermost out of country life, to make such places anxiously sought by bachelors and maidens and gay young married couples, and to make these resorts very cheerful and lively indeed.

If we take Southampton as an example of this new class of summer villages, and study what it is and who make it up, as well as what goes on there, it will show us that the summer life of the well-to-do New-Yorkers is as nearly an open-air existence as it is possible for townsfolk to live. Southampton is chosen because I am more familiar with its beginnings and its accomplishments, and because it is very complete in all the phases of the new vacation life. In the main, I suppose that it is little different from the other city men's villages in that brilliant chain which has such links as Elberon, Seabright, Cedarhurst, and East or West Hampton. They are all beautiful places, and the directories for each one are made up of names that are often household words to New York ears. In one respect Southampton is peculiar. It has no hotel centre or influence; and, again, it is almost wholly a community of professional men—lawyers, judges, clergymen, doctors, artists, architects. The names of here and there a banker and now and then a publisher complete the list. These were the very persons who used to stick closest to the city in former days. Merchants and manufacturers could leave their businesses to junior partners, managers, or head clerks; but the lawyers and doctors and architects "carried their affairs in their hats," as the saying goes, and when they left business it stopped. To be sure, these are nearly all rich men; but there are exceptions. A few of their names will better describe them and the community than a column of explanation. Two of the earliest summer settlers are Frederick H. Betts, the lawyer, and Salem H. Wales, the retired publisher, and next-door neighbor in Southampton to his son-in-law, the brilliant counsellor, Elihu Root. Next door to Mr. Root lives the Hon. Horace Russell, long one of the leaders of our bar, and here adding to his great popularity by the attractiveness of his family circle. Joseph Larocque, whose family has graced the bar for more than a century; Edmond Kelly, twenty years a resident of Paris as an associate of the Couderts, and a practitioner on his own account; E. A. Moerau; Police Justice Kilbreth and his brother; ex-Judge Danforth, whose daughter and her husband, Charles E. Miller, the lawyer, are cottagers; Edmund H. Coffin, George R. Schiffelin; E. Randolph Robinson; William B. Hornblower; Thomas E. Stillman; Carlisle Norwood; Samuel L. Parrish; and William Allen Butler, Jun.—these are all lawyers among the other professional men in this unique community. J. Brisben Walker, E. S. Mead, of Dodd, Mead, & Co., Joseph W. Harper, and Henry B. Barnes are among the publishers, and one hears of their entertaining such visitors as Mr. Carleton and Mr. Howells. Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas, known to fame as New York's most prosperous physician, occupies a house that is somewhat like an Indian bungalow, and Dr. Markol is a neighbor. The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, the Rev. Dr. Battershall, of St. Peter's Church, Albany, and the Rev. Roderick Terry are clerical members of the community. James Gracie King-Duer, J. Hampden Robb, General Thomas H. Barber, Arthur Peabody, Miss Griswold, and Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin would come under yet another classification; and then there are George C. Clark, George Blagden, and David M. Morrison, the bankers; Walter G. Oakman, president of the Richmond Terminal; Charles R. Henderson, of the Mattewan Manufacturing Company; and Messrs. Robertson and Chase, the architect and the painter.

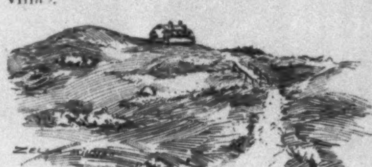
To one who knows New York that list of names would serve as an advanced chapter in a history of the place. Southampton lies upon a narrow edge of inferior farm land between the once dreary sand hills of Shinnecock and a sea-shore indented with little bays and fresh-water ponds. Originally it was a farming village, and when the summer folk found it there were boarding-houses, but no hotels. The first cottage-builders ignored the village, and built beside the lake, which was a tiny narrow pond, but has now become a busy highway and pleasure-place between two long double lines of villas. The men fish in this pond, the boys sail cat-boats upon it, the young girls row there, and an ebon mariner of the classic name of Pyrrhus takes every one a-yachting upon it. A road could scarcely keep busier. The pleasure-boats continue moving as long as any one sits on the porches to take note of them. The people even sail or row to church upon this water. On shore, the life seems all out-of-doors. The cottages are used to store clothes in, to eat and to sleep in. When the families are at home, they are most of the time out upon the broad porches in rocking-chairs and hammocks, reading, sewing, smoking, or looking at the marine bustle at the edge of the lawns. There is a dull time in the morning before the ocean breeze comes. It lasts till half past ten or eleven o'clock. All of a sudden the indolent windmills, one of which is on every lot, slowly begin to move; the topmost leaves of the tallest trees shiver a little. Next a cool salt breeze reaches the house porches, and a tremor seizes every bush. It is as if old ocean had woke very late, but with it the whole pretty village takes on life. Sails are shaken out; carriages stop at every porch; the community bustles. There is a country club at the ocean end of the lake. It is called the Meadow Club, though it is in a huddle of dunes. Whoever passes it at the time of the sea-breeze's beginning finds that its twenty-five tennis courts are all occupied, and brown men and radiant girls are standing in lines, working as if the place were some open-air factory. That will be at eleven o'clock.

At noon a second outpouring from the cottages brings all to the sea-beach. As is the case at all Long Island coast resorts, some native has pre-empted the beach by right of priority, and has bunched together there a lot of very cramped and shabby bath-houses, calculated to discourage sea-bathing, but rented at eight dollars each for the season. Stuffy flannel shirts cut out with jig-saws are rented there, and if one dislikes to cleanse the sand from his person with a pail of stagnant water, he may stand under a pump, and ask some millionaire to work the handle. The same beach monopolist—and this is another invariable Long Island custom—has set up some poles and roofed them over with oak branches in order that he may exact five dollars from each family in the settlement for a shady seat. But this is put up with as if it were inevitable, and nothing better is done for bathers anywhere, except at the largest coast resorts. At noon the crowd gathers on the sand, and two in every ten go in the water. The rest visit and chat in the breeze. The Sunday surf hour is most curious. The church is on the sand, and when the morning service ends, the people all meet in front, to form a scene of gay gowns and showy flannels, much resembling a fashionable crowd at Henley or

the Derby. Then the pastor appears, and the congregation, with him in the lead, seeks the beach. It is a strange sight to see so many silks and satins stretched upon the sand, and such beaux and belles looking on a small handful of bathers, while the waves coquette with the foremost row of patent-leather gaiters and well-polished shoes.

After luncheon all take to the roads. A rule at this place is to keep plenty of horses, and two carriage-loads from one cottage are often out together. There are twenty-three square miles of open country; and of woodland, that is even more attractive, there is still more. A popular drive is to the Shinnecock Hills. They lie beyond the village, with its quaint and picturesque shingle-sided houses, and when these are passed the extraordinary neighborhood of William M. Chase's summer art school is reached. It is extraordinary because it dots and peppers the landscape with fair maidens hard at work before their easels. Along the road, in the fields, and on the hills these silent workers sit in numbers, like monuments in a cemetery. Beyond, on the ridge of the bare brown Shinnecock Hills, is the Golf Club's house silhouetted against the sky, without a tree in sight, but commanding views of both the Atlantic and Peconic Bay. The red coats and white trousers of the golf-players as they move in couples over the hills lend beauty as well as interest to the scene. Before a seven-o'clock or eight-o'clock dinner is reached, the adults are all back on the porches, and the children are out upon the lawns and the lake. The dinners are not apt to be formal, but they are elaborate. Another lounge out-of-doors in the rocking-chairs leads to an early bedtime. Thus has passed a day at a typical summer resort of New-Yorkers.

The majority of the men leave town on Friday evening and do not return to business until Tuesday. This is an innovation, but it is growing into a wider and wider custom each year. A few leave town on Saturday at lunch-time and stay till Tuesday. A very few indeed are those who only spend Sundays with their families. The Saturday half-holiday leaves little to be done in town on that day, and those who spend a vacation over the whole heated term by taking two days out of each week instead of by taking a month at once are growing rapidly more numerous. In Southampton it is said that nearly every man, at some time or other, spends a week there with his family. Many a professional man has taken a bag of papers from his office to his cottage, expecting to utilize his time in the country, but it is not on record that any such man ever opened such a bag. The cottages do not afford a place for quiet work; the neighbors discourage it; the atmosphere is against it. Thus the men are enjoying the fresh air and sunshine they designed for their wives and children; and at golf and cricket, driving and tennis, they are taking exercise that will add years to the future and good health to the present time for most of them. The burden of social obligations is on the ladies, but they make light work of it. A round of calls at the beginning of the season squares the general account, and a few dinner parties keep old or treasured friendships warm. For the rest, the ladies play golf and tennis, and go sailing and driving, when they are not drinking in health upon the porches of their villas.



A WOMAN'S CUNNING.

BY MRS. DENISON.

In one of the concluding chapters of his *Study of Sociology*, Mr. Herbert Spencer grapples with the mysterious question of the qualitative distinctions between the minds of men and women, and presents the theory that as the weak sex has had to deal with a strong and brutal sex in early barbaric times and during civilization, women have naturally acquired certain mental traits as weapons to protect themselves, and, by implication, their offspring. These natural or acquired adjustments of nature were necessary to enable them to hold their own, and they prospered in proportion as they possessed them, with the result that these same faculties were developed by inheritance and selection to a degree fitted to the requirement. One of these traits was the power to disguise their feelings, and not to provoke rage by betraying the state of antagonism produced in them by ill treatment. Another was the art of persuasion, and a third was the ability to distinguish quickly the passing feelings of those around.

"In barbarous times a woman who could from a movement, tone of voice, or expression of face instantly detect in her savage husband the passion that was rising, would be likely to escape dangers run into by a woman less skilled in interpreting the natural language of feeling. Hence from the perpetual exercise of this power, and the survival of those having most of it, we may infer its establishment as a feminine faculty."

This has always impressed me as a likely and interesting theory, and without stepping back into barbarous times, I know a story of lawless life in our own West which seems to be in evidence.

Wahsatch Springs is the name of a settlement in southern Colorado which flourished for a time as the terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and the starting-point and source of supplies for the miners going on into the silver lands beyond; but when the line was continued further into the mountains its brief season of prosperity was over, and the history of its rise was at once completed by its fall. The brutal, tawdry, fighting crowd who had made and defamed the place passed on, stepping out of their tents and leaving them standing behind them, and the ground strewed with pots and pans and an accidental wealth of tin cans. Any one would have said, to look at these dregs of human existence, that a sudden plague had swept that way, and one who knew would have agreed that it was the plague of drunken, savage improvidence and reckless spirit of unrest. But, as is often the case in the evolution of such mushroom towns, a few of its founders had gained some sort of hold upon making a living in the wretched spot, or else were wearied of the constant march, and staid behind when the mass of their fellows decamped, living on either in tents or mean unpainted shanties.

Among these old settled families were Bill Harris and his daughter Ellen. Bill had done a money-making trade in groceries with the miners and gamblers and railroad hands, supplying them at fancy prices with the high-class foreign preparations of relishes and pickles which that fastidious breed particularly hankers after, and will have at any cost. Then, to his surprise, he found there was likely to be a certain amount of steady patronage from the outlying ranches and from the patients at the sanitarium up at the springs on the hill. These poor rickety individuals, paying ten dollars a week for board, baths, and medical attendance, liked the excitement of hobbling down to the store on their rheumatic feet and buying a little jar of something good. And so Bill concluded to renounce his roving life, and it was here that Ellen grew up into womanhood. It may have been that he had a stray sentiment about giving his girl a decent home at last, but the lassitude of old age and the longing to drink in peace under his own roof during his declining days were what decided him.

Wahsatch improved a little as the next ten years went by. A few people painted their houses, some kept cows and planted gardens, but all lacked civic pride enough to pull down the wrecks of the old saloons or clear away the débris of the first departure, and it was barren, ugly, and forsaken-looking to the end. But Ellen did not know that it was all these things. In fact, she never seemed to occupy herself with the looks of anything, and would lift her eyes to the line of snowy peaks, lovely with a radiance of pearls under the magic of that wondrous atmosphere, with the same indifference with which she glanced about the untidy litter of their yard. But she grew up handsome in spite of herself—tall and well-made, straight-featured and clear-eyed. She was healthy and independent, and a hard worker.

In the autumn of '85 Ellen went to pay a month's visit to a cousin who had married a ranchman, and lived on the plains forty miles from Wahsatch; but before the first week was past, a letter came to her from her father which disquieted her, for it sounded as if the old man were seriously ailing.

"I guess I'll go back home this evening, Annie," she said to her cousin.

"Well, if you think so, I suppose you must," said Annie. "Fred'll put you in the stage. I'm sorry to have you go so."

And without more ado, she took her leave. The stage passed by her cousin's ranch at seven o'clock, and as, with one change of horses, the distance was calculated to take less than four hours, she counted upon being at home before eleven. Her cousin's husband saw her into an inside seat, nodded to the driver, and the ceremony of her departure was over.

The road led over one of those most desolate regions of southern Colorado, where the soil is the color of ashes, the only growth is the piñon pine, with its gnarled and tortured branches, and a scant scattering of coarse gray-green grass, and the only variety of outline in the landscape, except for the pale horizon curves off the great hills, is given by the white, chalky mounds of alkali heaped about in tomblike piles. The Rio Grande has cut a deep cañon in its course, and the brown turbid stream rolls through, without any loveliness of greenery or caress of bending tree and fern along its banks. It is a region tragic and brooding of aspect, as if awaiting the fulfilment of some curse, and recalls to one curious disconnected memories, as having been travelled through before in quaking childish dreams of No Man's Land, inhabited by ghouls and unsightly bloodless things. It strikes the imagination with a shudder.

The return trip to Wahsatch is never a profitable one in the way of passengers, and, besides the driver, Ellen was the only occupant of the stage. When they were within eighteen miles of their destination, the sudden rising of an eagle with a great whir startled the horses so uncontrollably that it took all the adroitness of Dauph Allen's masterful hand to hold them in, and though he finally quieted them down and straightened them out, the result of the scramble proved to be a smash-up of the whiffletree and pole, and an injury to one of the leader's legs, which Dauph saw made him useless as soon as he tried to start him up. He rested the reins on his knees, and stooping forward, looked the wreck over calmly; then, in as placid a tone as though he were playing chess, he gave out an oath fit to make the lightnings flash and thunders roar over the Rocky Mountains. When he had completed it, he got down and opened the door to speak to Ellen.

"We've caught up with bad luck, lady," he said; "but we might have struck it worse, for here's Burt Mathers's tavern handy, and he's got some stuff, likely, I can rig the pole up with, and a horse of one kind or another. And if he hasn't, I'll have to ride across to Perry's ranch, and get him there, for I've got a heavy load of freight on. It's coming cold. There 'll be a fire at Burt's. I'll get you home before midnight."

Ellen then saw through the starlit gloom that there was a low adobe cabin standing a hundred yards away, and towards this Dauph slowly drove the coach, guiding the animals from the ground. There he unharnessed the disabled leader, and tied him under a broken-down shed, hitched the others securely, and went in-doors. All this she watched while she walked up and down the plain, feeling the comfort of moving her legs after the cramped sitting. Dauph evidently had an unsatisfactory parley, for he came hurrying out again, jumped astride of one of the horses, and darted off, first calling back as he started, "There's a fire in there."

Ellen kept on with her idle strolling until, as it turned colder, the ruddy light streaming from the window was pleasantly suggestive, and she pushed open the door and stepped in. There was only the host, who nodded and made a halting gesture indicative of the stove, and two bedizened cowboys playing cards. She sat herself down in the remotest corner, and gazed off over the lonely stretch of country, waiting with entire patience for Dauph's return.

Pretty soon there was a sound of rushing movement in the outer air, and then clearly the galloping of horses, and the halloa and shout of rough voices, as a company of half a dozen men dashed up to the very door, slid out of their saddles, and burst into the saloon. They were all more or less drunk.

Ellen drew back into shadow, the racket of their coming was so sudden a break upon the silence. They hailed Mathers and the card-players as old pals, and lounging and swaggering about the stove, called for more liquor. They had noticed the girl carelessly on their first entrance, but afterwards she thought herself quite unheeded and kept quiet in her place, but now with some gathering anxiety for Dauph's return, for it grew late, and she began to think uneasily that there might be a chance of not getting home to her father at all that night. As she waited there she watched the men almost unconcernedly, heard their loud coarse talk unmoved, and saw that they were growing more and more heated and noisy as the drinking went on. The cabin resounded with their cursing, the maudlin pounding of their fists upon the table or counter, the rattling of their spurs, and chinking of bottles and glasses.

Just at what moment an actual personal fear came upon her, she could not tell. It invaded her slowly and stealthily, as a fog creeps up from sea, and all at once she realized that she was in the grip of a terrible dread. The men had huddled together, and were muttering in low tones as they looked askance at her. She could not hear distinctly a single muffled word, but the dread grew upon her until each nerve in her body felt stiffened into steel. She could take in the whole small room at a glance, and saw there was no chance of escape, nor was there one of that degraded crew who would not have laughed at an appeal to protect her against the rest. She knew that in whatever crisis was approaching, her only hope of defence must lie in her own ability to avert the awful situation. And yet she was not conscious of calling upon any faculty of mind to serve her, nor of breathing an impulsive prayer for divine aid; brain and nerve power were absolutely dominated by the sense of a new and overmastering force within her—the sense of a guiding instinct so confident and keen that it seemed to fill her like a possession and prompt and sway her irresistibly. She sat, without making a sound or movement, clutching the wooden arms of the chair with rigid fingers, her head thrust out after the manner of a wild animal alert for the first sign of its adversary's spring, and her eyes contracted to a gleaming line, like a preying cat's. With more drunken laughter, three or four of the gang now got up from the group about the stove and came towards her, one of them stepping out and leading the others. He reeled as he leaned over Ellen.

"Here, my beauty, we don't want you to lose the fun. Join us. I'll give you a drink for the first kiss." And he threw his arms around her and bent to take his kiss, while the others roared and crowded nearer, with evil eyes.

The time had come for the woman to act, and still she had formed no plan, but at the instant's need a thought of her father's letter was presented to her as clearly as a whispered clew, and then the words were waiting on her tongue for her to speak them. Springing up, she did not cast the man's arm off, but turned and grasped it with both her hands, and looked him full in the face.

"Oh, can't you help me?" she wailed, in a sharp, dolorous voice. "What can I do? What can I do? My baby! My baby! He will die!" And she broke into a passion of dry sobs, but hurried on, not giving a second's pause for questioning or derision, and in the same piercing key. "I shall go crazy if he dies before I get to him. Oh, can't some of you men help me? He is all I have. He's a tiny baby. He was well when I left home Tuesday." And at this she was panting and groaning between every word, and the tears streaming down her cheeks. "I only got the letter to-day, and they say he can't live through the night. Oh, my baby! my baby!" And she dropped on her knees in an abandon of woe, rocking herself back and forth and twisting her quivering hands together.

Ellen's dress chanced to be black, and, with the old black hat upon her head, made her a mournful figure. Her lips were dry and shrunken, so that they did not meet across her teeth, but parted in the semblance of a snarling smile, and the livid face was drawn and set under the stress of her terror till it looked a mask of clay rather than anything alive. Only the eyes glowed like stars, and within them shone that cunning and vivid light. It was a ghastly face, yet never had it come so near to beauty.

In one moment she was on her feet again, not daring to take her eyes off the faces of those men, nor lose the hold upon them that she felt the sound of her voice was giving her. Again she caught at the leader with a gesture of agonized entreaty.

"I'm sure you'll help me. If I could start right away maybe there'd be time. If I could only hold him in my arms when he dies, it seems as if I could bear it easier. He don't care for anybody but me, and he's with strange people. The woman says he's always calling, 'Mamma!' Oh, my precious, darling little baby! He'll think I've gone, and don't care any more about him. Dauph said he'd be right back, but I can't wait any longer. For pity's sake, take me to my baby! Don't you hear what I say?" She shrieked at them now like a mad woman, and shook one near her with her poor strength. "I tell you, you've got to take me. I tell you, I will go to my baby! Oh, wait for me, baby darling—wait till I come! O God! O God!"

"By Almighty God, you shall go to your baby, ma'am," shouted this same half-tipsy ruffian, "if I have to kill that devil of a bronco to get you there! Here, damn you drunken devils, one of you come help fix the saddle;" and he pitched out of the door.

The girl was sensitive to the need of keeping her audience in hand, even for the little time that he was gone, and gave way once more to such a misery of grief that they were silent before it, and stood in the half-circle they had formed about her, while she went nervously to and fro, and moaned out more of the piteous tale. When the men shouted to her from the threshold to come, she fled towards them with broken words of relief. And stopping to snatch her shawl from the boards which served as bar, she saw, lying close beside it, a broad, long, hateful-looking knife, in an old leathern scabbard, that some one of them had thrown down, and she gathered it up in the folds of the shawl, and held it tightly, thankfully, in her hand through all the ride. They had padded a horse-blanket behind the saddle. Ellen mounted, and sat upon it man fashion, with an arm clasped about her guide in front, as he directed; and then, at his chirrup, the bronco launched out into a powerful, swinging gait that did not slacken during the next short hour. Scarcely a word was spoken as they tore through the black frosty night. The wind sobered the drunken man somewhat, and his voice was more human when he told her, encouragingly, as they mounted a little rise, that she'd soon see Wahsatch, and "I guess you'll find your baby all right," he added, soothingly.

When next he drew up, it was at the very outskirts of the settlement, and here he said, with an embarrassed laugh: "If you don't mind, I'd just as lief not go into the city. Th'ain't any person there I care about seeing particularly."

Ellen slipped down, and stood alone, with a sensation of perfect safety that was like a soothing wine in her veins. The man had whirled about, and without giving his horse a breath for rest, or listening to her stammered thanks, was off again. She watched the loping shape melt into the darkness, and then the touch of the leather recalled the thing in her hand, and she hurled it away. But immediately some other impulse pricked her, for she followed to where it had fallen, and scraped a hole with a jagged stone as deep as she could, and buried it out of sight. Then she ran home swiftly, past the friendly dwellings on either side, to the little house where her father had been sleeping peacefully through the night.

Club house
SOUTHAMPTON L.I.
The Art Village
The Church on the Dunes
The Golf Club
A bit of the old town at the head of the lake
An Old Southampton landmark till 1890.
SHINNECOCK RD
Hill st
1650
Indian Reservation
A characteristic Dune house Sea Island Elevation
A Dune Hall
Its present desecration on Shinnecock hills.

COLONEL KELLAR ANDERSON, THE HERO OF COAL CREEK.

FORT ANDERSON AS SEEN LOOKING UP FROM THE STOCKADE.

MINERS ATTACKING THE STOCKADE AT COAL CREEK FROM THE HILLS.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.

THE MINERS' REBELLION IN TENNESSEE.—From Photographs by McCrary & Branson.—[See Page 834.]

GOVERNOR JOHN P. BUCHANAN, OF TENNESSEE.

THE INSURRECTION IN TENNESSEE.

It has been customary for a long time in Tennessee, as it has been also in some other States, to lease the State convicts out to private corporations and contractors. These lessees have used the convicts in coal and iron mines, in stone and marble quarries, and in grading railways. Pretty nearly wherever convicts have been put to such use the custom has been opposed by those interested in prison reform and more humane prison management. But the most vigorous and influential opposition has come from those free laborers with whom the convicts were brought into competition. These charged, and probably with entire truth, that the use of convicts as miners reduced the rate of wages that free miners could earn, and that in dull times the competition of convict labor prevented other miners from having the opportunity to make a living.

Last summer, in the section of the Tennessee mountains where the mines are controlled by the Tennessee Coal, Iron, and Railroad Company, there were serious labor troubles, and one of the most important questions at issue was whether convicts should be used in the mines. At that time there were collisions between the guards of the convicts and the striking miners. Last November the miners expressed their disapproval of what they regarded as a breach of faith by burning a stockade in which convicts were kept at Oliver Springs. Since then there has been a feeling of great uncertainty in the mining regions, and the managers of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company have been kept in a continual state of anxiety.

Meantime the miners about Tracy City, Oliver Springs, Coal Creek, Inman, and Briceville were forming a secret organization to effectually test the power of the State in this matter of working convicts in the mines. How generally this organization was joined is not known, but it is likely that the large majority of all working in the mines except convicts became members.

Such preparations have been going on since last November, and the miners became very confident in their ability to defeat the guards, send the convicts out of the region, and overawe the Governor of the State. It has been confidently stated by the leaders of the miners that they did not expect Governor Buchanan would take vigorous action to suppress any insurrection they might raise, because they felt sure of his sympathy with their grievances. The Governor has unquestionably been outspoken in his opposition to the convict lease system. Probably the majority of the people in the State are also opposed to it. But to overthrow it by revolution is another matter.

On Saturday morning, August 13th, the miners at Tracy City held a mass-meeting, and sent a committee to see the superintendent of the mines there to ask assurances that the free laborers should be given all the work they could do, independent of whether the convicts were employed or not. The superintendent asked until Monday, so that he might get orders from his superior officers. The committee so reported to the meeting. It was decided, however, not to wait, but, so soon as the convicts had entered the mines, to capture the stockade. Accordingly, at half past eight, four hundred men entered the stockade, and after clearing it of everything of value, set it afire, and it quickly burned to the ground. Then the mob went to the mines, where the prisoners were ordered out, and together with the guards put on a railway train. The engineer of the train was instructed to take the train to Nashville. There were nearly four hundred convicts and twenty-five guards. Before the train arrived at Cowan the convicts cut the train, and some of them escaped. The guards fired upon the fleeing prisoners, and one was killed and one wounded. With about three hundred and sixty prisoners the train arrived in Cowan, where the prisoners were entirely under control. Later they were taken to Nashville.

The next day, Sunday, was one of great uneasiness in the State, as from previous experience the people did not have confidence in Governor Buchanan's capacity to act promptly and wisely in a serious emergency. About all that was done that day was to order an additional warden and guards to re-enforce the stockade at Inman, where was another body of convicts. But these extra guards never reached Inman. At eight o'clock Monday morning a body of miners captured the train upon which the warden and guards were, and forced them to return to Nashville. Having sent back the extra guards, the miners marched on the stockade and captured the sixty-five guards and three hundred convicts. These were loaded in coke-cars and sent to Victoria to await transportation to Nashville. They did not burn the stockade, for fear that it might set fire to the railroad bridge, but tore down the building instead. The Governor is said to have been greatly disturbed at this fresh outbreak, which appears to have been anticipated by every other citizen in Tennessee. He called a meeting of the State Board of Prison Inspectors, and telegraphed to the sheriff of Marion County to know whether assistance was needed to preserve the peace. The Board of Prison Inspectors discussed the situation, and adjourned to see whether the Attorney-General by the next day could not discover some legal pretext under which the lease of convicts might be cancelled. The Governor recommended the cancellation of the lease without delay.

Before Monday night had come Governor Buchanan appears to have realized that the miners were in insurrection against the State authority. He apprehended a similar movement against Oliver Springs, and without waiting for official information, he telegraphed to the sheriff to summon a posse and protect the stockade, and also ordered military companies from Knoxville and Chattanooga to go to the sheriff's assistance. The sheriff, who was in sympathy with the miners, failed to obey the Governor's order, and the troops on the march to Oliver Springs were intercepted. The defences there consisted of a block-house and about forty guards. Early Tuesday morning the miners appeared in force before the stockade and demanded its surrender. "Come and take us!" was the response of Superintendent Farris. Fire was at once opened. Though the attacking force was thirty to one, the guards in the block-house returned the fire gallantly and with effect. Then the miners approached with a flag of truce. There was a parley, and Superintendent Farris surrendered. He took the convicts out, and marched to Clinton, the nearest railway station.

Meantime all eyes in Tennessee were turned on Coal Creek, where there was another stockade, and where Colonel Kellar Anderson had State soldiers to the number of one hundred and fifty encamped in a fortified position. The feeling was general that Colonel Anderson was too good a soldier to surrender to a mob on any terms whatever. There was a great desire on the part of all the militia-men of the State to hasten to the succor of this gallant officer and the men of his command. Troops from all near-by places were ordered to concentrate at Knoxville, under the command of Brigadier-General S. T. Carnes, of the Tennessee National Guard. All day Wednesday and Wednesday night the miners were gathering about Coal Creek. While these operations were in progress the rioters had destroyed the telegraph lines, and the little garrison at Fort Anderson, as the stockade has since been called, was entirely cut off from communication with the outside world. The first assault of the miners was made after repeated warnings. So severe was the return fire that the miners retired, though they carried several dead and wounded with them. Soon another attack followed, and there were casualties on both sides but the result was the same. Then there was a third attack, with a like result. This time a squad of miners got separated from the main body, and in a sortie from the fort they were captured. Then there was a pause. A flag of truce was raised and a parley ensued. The miners said that they were ready for a compromise, and that if Colonel Anderson would bring the prisoners in person to the railway station and speak to the people, everything might be amicably adjusted. They promised him safe escort. Then Colonel Anderson, who up to this time had been the only man in Tennessee in the field who had stood up with uncompromising faithfulness and loyalty in favor of the law, mounted the ramparts and told the men that though he had wept over their grievances, he could make no compromise with them. "I will never surrender," he concluded. "I will make no compromise; but if you think I can help you, I will go with you."

Then, unarmed, he left the stockade alone with the prisoners, and accompanied the mob to the railway station. There he began a speech to the people, and pleaded with them to respect the law. The miners listened in silence and were very quiet. They were evidently waiting for something to happen. There was a burly ruffian approaching Colonel Anderson from behind. When he reached within arm's-length of the soldier he shoved the muzzle of a revolver against Colonel Anderson's temple and shouted: "Surrender! Surrender, or I'll blow your brains out!"

Colonel Anderson slowly turned, lifted his eyes to the miner's, and dropped them in contempt. He drew back a step and extended his arm at full length. "Shoot, you d——d coward!" he said. "Shoot!"

The ruffian with the pistol and the treacherous rioters who had with false promises enticed the gallant soldier from his command were awed. The pistol fell, and no shot was fired. It was evident even to these lawless and excited men that Colonel Anderson would sacrifice his life rather than betray his trust.

Two further attacks were made on the fort even after Colonel Anderson was in the hands of the mob. Lieutenant Fyffe, now in command, met the attacking force with stern resistance. Now they tried further intimidation on Colonel Anderson, and told him time and time again that he would be lynched unless he wrote an order to the garrison to surrender. They were always met with the same response, that they could do their worst, but that he would never surrender. He only made one request, and that was that when they got ready to kill him they would shoot him, as was befitting a soldier, and not hang him. His unflinching courage during the long weary hours in which he was in captivity alone saved his life. Had he weakened for one moment, probably that moment would have been his last.

While these exciting scenes were being enacted at Coal Creek, General Carnes was moving with his regiment on that place. He had been warned that the railroad tracks had dynamite mines beneath them, and his whole command would be destroyed by an explosion. But he went, nevertheless. A few miles from Coal Creek he disembarked, and moved in line of battle against the village, which he found practically unoccupied. The insurrectionists were in the hills. He had heard of Colonel Anderson's capture through treachery, and demanded that he be brought into his lines. The insurrectionists asked time to consider whether to obey this order or not. General Carnes told them to take time, but also to be in a hurry. After several hours the general was informed that Colonel Anderson would not be released, but would be held as a hostage. General Carnes at once determined to defeat the rioters by strategy. He sent out squads of soldiers to arrest all the men that could be found. In a short while more than a hundred miners and their friends had been captured, and the general informed the miners who held Colonel Anderson that these prisoners would be held as hostages to guarantee Anderson's safety. The miners, recognizing that they had been outwitted, now released Colonel Anderson, and obeying the order of General Carnes, began to disperse. While these things were happening, Lieutenant Patterson, of Memphis, with a band of volunteers, made a rush across the defile to the stockade, and gained admission, so that now that garrison was considerably strengthened.

After General Carnes had left Knoxville for Coal Creek, another train of volunteers also left there to go to the relief of Colonel Anderson. These were under the command of Major D. A. Carpenter, and it was decided that they should leave the train at Offuts and go across Walden's Ridge by a circuitous route, so as to reach Fort Anderson from the point farthest removed from Coal Creek. Just as they started down the mountain on the north side towards Fort Anderson, three men in uniform appeared and offered to guide the little army. Without suspicion, these guides were followed into a well-prepared ambuscade. At a quarter of a mile from the fort, where the stars and stripes were flying in full view, the firing began from behind great ledges of sandstone on a spur of the ridge overlooking the valley where the men were marching. The fire was returned, but three men fell killed and four wounded. The insurrectionists seemed to rise from the ground and to shoot from behind every rock and tree in sight. Major Carpenter ordered a retreat, and his little army made its way back to Offuts. There they learned that General Carnes was master of the situation in Coal Creek.

When General Carnes had released Colonel Anderson and succored the gallant soldiers of that brave officer's command, he set about restoring order in Coal Creek and the region thereabout. He began by arresting all the rioters he could find. One of the first men arrested was Bud Lindsay, the ruffianly desperado who had held the pistol to Colonel Anderson's head. Lindsay was the terror of the mining region, and his arrest had a most excellent effect. It was soon made manifest that these captured men would be treated as criminals and not as prisoners of war. Then there was consternation among the miners, and great numbers of them tried to escape out of the State into Kentucky and West Virginia. A large number of them seized an engine belonging to the East Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia Railroad, and used it as a means to get out of Tennessee. After a week of turmoil and open rebellion in the fastnesses of the Tennessee mountains, law and order was restored.

THE STOCKADE AT INMAN, TENNESSEE, WHERE THE CONVICTS WERE LIBERATED, SHOWING THE BREACH IN THE FENCE.—From a Photograph by A. W. Judd.

AMATEUR · SPORT

The annual camping meets of the American Canoe Association are not primarily for racing, and yet there are more members in camp racing week than the week previous or the week following; and though over two hundred canoemen attend the meets, less than fifty of them actually enter the races. This year the racing fleet was very small, and yet the attendance in camp was quite up to the average. Canoe-racing at these meets has changed very much in the last five years. Formerly boats used for cruising and general canoeing were entered and won prizes. Now the sailing canoes that have even a chance of winning must be built purely for racing, with small cockpits, five-foot sliding seats, and much larger rigs than a man would think of using ordinarily. A very good illustration of the change that has taken place was seen in the record sailing race. The winner, Gray, of Lowell, in a typical racer, sailed one mile to windward and one mile free while Dr. Neidé, in an old-timer, was making his first half mile to windward. The fastest sailing time on record was made by Oxholm, Monday afternoon, in the unlimited race, when he sailed six miles, two of which were dead to windward, in 57 minutes 45 seconds—a record rarely equalled by yachts under forty feet. Goddard, of Lowell, was three minutes behind him, and the others followed at close intervals. This race was on still water, there being no current in Lake Champlain, and in a strong, steady wind, with considerable of a sea for such small craft as canoes, the wind having a clear sweep of over ten miles down the lake.

Canoes are now built for special purposes, and one canoe is not expected to fill every need. The open Canadian style is used for pleasure paddling either with the single or double blade, and even the sailing men bring these boats to camp, in addition to their racing canoes, for general use—and "girling." Open canoes, built light and sharp, are also used in the paddling races, the trophy, tandem, single-blade event, and the club fours. The superiority of the double-blade paddle over the single was clearly shown in the race of club fours. The Springfield and New York crews came in first and second with double blades, and the Pointe Claire (Canadian) and Puritan (Boston) crews were third and fourth with single blades. This event gave a fine exhibition of paddling, the Springfield crew winning easily simply because it had trained together and kept perfect time. The others were somewhat ragged. The paddling events were well contested, and showed a renewed interest in this class of racing, but the sailing men do not paddle, nor do the paddling men sail.

Six years ago the record events—paddling, sailing, and paddling and sailing combined, three races in the same boat—were introduced to further the interests and development of the all-round canoe. They drew a large number of contestants the first four years, and the record prizes were deemed great honors. Now, however, that the paddlers and sailers have drifted so far apart the entries are fewer, and a second-class man by conscientious work can easily win a high position. This evolution will probably necessitate a change in the programme another year. There were but six record men in the races this year, and as there are first and second prizes in each race, and five record prizes besides, it is quite possible for one man to win four prizes for three races. The record races have, notwithstanding, accomplished one of the objects intended—to encourage the use of rigs which are adapted for cruising.

The unlimited sailing race, from the result of which the fifteen contestants in the trophy event are chosen, was sailed in a heavy wind and sea. Fourteen crossed the line, and only seven finished. The lacings of Butler's sail gave way and he dropped out. In former years this race called out a fleet of from twenty-five to sixty canoes, and to get a place was an honor in itself. Since 1886, when the first trophy race was sailed, the full complement of fifteen canoes have come to the line to start every year. This year only seven men were entitled to enter, and the Regatta Committee appointed two others, Butler and Archibald, as it is their right to do. The seven were Oxholm, Goddard, Moore, Gray, Schieffelin, Barrington, and Whitlock. Nine started. Four dropped out during the first two rounds. Butler got the lead at the start, and Oxholm lined up immediately behind him, Goddard taking third place. Throughout the entire nine miles Butler and Oxholm were never a minute apart, and as they passed buoy after buoy the difference between them was often less than twenty seconds. It was light wind, smooth water, and big rigs. Butler has sailed seven times for the trophy, and this year scores his first victory—one well deserved and exceedingly popular among all the members at the meet. He crossed the finishing line just thirteen seconds ahead of Oxholm, thus winning the closest race ever sailed for the trophy, and the longest in distance. The course in former years was seven and one-half miles, and this year nine. Goddard was a close third.

None of the former winners of the cup sailed this year. Gibson won it in 1886–7; Brokaw in 1888; and Ford Jones, the Canadian, in 1889–90–91. Butler is the only man who has sailed for it every year since it was first put up. Oxholm first sailed an A.C.A. race in 1890, and won a good place in this honor event. Last year he came in second to Jones.

The paddling trophy race was a walkover for Emil Knappe, of Springfield. Last year he came in fifth, behind four Canadians, Muntz, of Toronto, winning the prize. Not one of these men paddled this year, much to the disappointment of Knappe and the entire camp. Knappe had trained conscientiously for this race, and brought to the camp the lightest and prettiest paddling canoe that has ever been seen at an A.C.A. meet. His quick time—7 minutes 36 seconds for the mile—is due quite as much to his canoe as to his condition. He was not pressed, and can make better time for the mile, as he has done on the Connecticut during training. This makes a new record for the paddling mile. The best time for a tandem crew over a half-mile course is 3 minutes 52 seconds, which is actually slower than Knappe's mile record. The course was not accurately measured last year, and the times taken were therefore of no value.

Bar Harbor's two weeks of lawn-tennis would have attracted but little attention this year had it not been for their brilliant termination. The Kebo Valley Club tournament was begun two weeks ago, but ended only with the beginning of the contest for the Mossley Hall Cup last week. The singles were won by W. S. Thomson, of the University of Pennsylvania, and the doubles by R. D. Wrenn and Harold McCormick. The Mossley Hall tournament was much more exciting, inasmuch as it brought prominently forward a new candidate for the honors at Newport in the person of R. D. Wrenn. The young Harvard player defeated V. G. Hall and S. T. Chase in the semi-final and final rounds, which gave him the right to challenge E. L. Hall for the cup. Much to the surprise of every one, he crowned his week of success by defeating Hall, and thus placing his name on the cup along with those of the previous winners—J. S. Clark, R. L. Beeckman, V. G. and E. L. Hall. The doubles were played as a handicap, and the Hall brothers were beaten in the first round by Wrenn and McCormick, who received odds of half fifteen. The latter pair, in turn, conceding the same odds to W. S. and A. G. Thomson, of Philadelphia, were defeated in three straight sets in the final round.

And now for the All Comers! Each year it has been quite the thing to say that the championship tournament would be the most interesting ever held, and I therefore hesitate to so speak of the event now being played off at Newport, although there certainly never has been a year in which the selection of a winner is attended with so much difficulty. Last year I had quite made up my mind that Clarence Hobart would win, and so expressed myself. That player had been through the season without a single defeat, although having met all of the strongest men, and there was every reason to believe that he would continue his good work at Newport. This year the condition of affairs is quite different. Hobart was defeated at Philadelphia early in the season by M. D. Smith, and while this defeat has been called a "fluke," it may well be remembered that he did not allow those "flukes" to occur last year. Again, he has recently been defeated by both E. L. Hall and Malcolm Chace at Nahant. All things considered, it seems certain that Hobart's chances for victory are not so good as they were last year. E. L. Hall, on the other hand, enters with far brighter prospects than ever before. His victory at Nahant will be a great moral aid, not only in strengthening his confidence in himself, but also in weakening that of his adversaries.

Notwithstanding Hall's favorable prospects, I cannot quite make up my mind that he will win. He will undoubtedly be the selection of a majority, but while conceding his pluck and gameness, it is doubtful that his game is severe enough to win through the many rounds of the All Comers. In case of a meeting with Hovey, Hobart, or Knapp, I feel that either of them will defeat him. Hovey is always an uncertain man to count on, but if he shows his best form throughout the tournament, if he plays only approximately as well as he did against Knapp for the first two sets at Saratoga, he ought to win, unless a now unknown quantity should suddenly develop into a dangerous one. The unknown quantity at present is Slocum, who played well against Knapp at Saratoga with but little preliminary practice. If practice since that time has improved his play, he will without doubt be exceedingly dangerous. Hovey, Knapp, Hobart, E. L. Hall, or Slocum, with perhaps only a shade separating the chances of each, and I like their prospects in the order named. Among the men having an outside chance there are only four, in my opinion, worthy of serious consideration—Malcolm Chace, Larned, Richard Stevens, or R. D. Wrenn may furnish a surprise, the latter's stock having gone up since his defeat of E. L. Hall at Bar Harbor.

The drawing for the All Comers is unsatisfactory in that two or three first-class men will be compelled to draw out on the first round, but on the whole it is very fair. No player will have an easy time to reach the final round, for the strong men are about equally distributed between the upper and lower half. There are in all 70 entries, about the same as last year, necessitating a preliminary and five rounds in addition to the final before the tournament is finished. The notable absentees are Hubbard and Tobin, the Californians, who were surely expected to play. In the upper half are drawn Malcolm Chace, Knapp, Hovey, Wrenn, Richard Stevens, Post, Clark, and A. E. Wright, while on the lower are E. L. Hall, V. G. Hall, Slocum, Hobart, Larned, Shaw, S. T. Chase, Ryerson, R. P. Huntington, Jun., and P. S. Sears. The division of the good players is about as fair as could be made. Knapp is unfortunate in meeting young Chace in the first round, particularly in view of the fact that he ran up against Hovey at the beginning of last year's tournament. It is, of course, equally unfortunate for Chace, and probably more so. Slocum plays Ryerson, one of the best men of Chicago, in the first round, and if he defeats him, must encounter Larned, so that the ex-champion will have no easy time in playing through the early rounds. After a rather hasty study of the drawing, it seems to me that the four men most likely to reach the semi-final round are Knapp, Hovey, Hobart, and Slocum. If my judgment is even approximately correct, an exciting finish is assured.

The champion pair of the West, Carver and Ryerson, find that they will be unable to play at Newport this week against the Hall brothers, and have forwarded to the Executive Committee of the National Association a communication asking that the pair from California, Hubbard and Tobin, who were defeated in the Western tournament, be allowed to play in their place. It would, of course, be unbecoming to anticipate the decision of the Committee; but if this request be granted, would it not establish a most dangerous precedent? The Association has announced in its circular that the winner of the Eastern tournament would be called upon to meet the *winner* of the Western, and while the Committee may have the *power* to substitute another pair in place of the winner, it may well be doubted that is has the *right*. It seems to me that the Hall brothers might properly refuse to meet any other pair than Carver and Ryerson.

While Campbell was abroad there was much curiosity on the part of our players to learn the true cause of his defeats in the English tournaments. Was he defeated often because there were so many English players superior in skill to our champion, or was it because he did not do himself justice? The opinion of Campbell himself on this point is, of course, valuable, and in giving it I quote from a conversation with one of his most intimate friends on this side. The champion says that we must not conclude by reason of the scores of his matches that the Englishmen are far superior to our own players. It is quite right to concede, perhaps, that the best three or four on the other side are a shade better than the same number of our best; but his own matches must not be taken as a test, for the conditions were almost uniformly against him. It is well known that on account of the great amount of wet weather in England they are more than often obliged to play off their important events in a pouring rain. Some of the matches which he most desired to win were played on courts so soaked with water that the ball would only just rise from the ground, a condition manifestly against our champion, whose best stroke in the back court is made from a high bound. On the other hand, Campbell has only good things to say of the temperature. He confirms the assertion made by E. G. Meers three years ago that a player can better endure the strain of five sets in England than that of two or three at Newport. Among the experts on the other side he especially admires Baddeley, the present champion, whose greatest strength lies in the fact that he never misses anything, and whose exceptional skill is more to be wondered at when it is considered that his height is much below the average.

Polo week at Newport, after all the misgivings at the beginning, proved to be very successful. It developed, in fact, the hardest and closest polo seen this season or any other. And the most noteworthy feature was the scarcity of fouls. There was plenty of earnest riding, but, with the exception of one or two green players from New England, every one was strictly on the ball. Referee W. K. Thorn's admonitions on the subject of foul riding were not ignored. The Meadow Brook-Rockaway match, which the former won by three-fourths of a goal, showed the advantage of even a slight superiority in team-work. There is very little difference between Keene and Cowdin, of Rockaway, and Hitchcock and Belmont, of Meadow Brook. They are four players whose equals are not to be found in this country. Whichever side, therefore, is the more evenly balanced is pretty apt to win. Last week, although at times the Rockaways pulled together, their play was not the best development of team-work. Stevens played a brilliant game, and was always on the opposing "back." Keene and Cowdin were quite as brilliant in their respective positions. Both teams missed their old backs. From beginning to end the play was intensely exciting.

Next in interest was the Morristown-Meadow Brook match on Thursday, won by the former by 3¼ goals. The M. B. men were a bit stale, as were their ponies, from the hard game of the Tuesday previous; but there is no gainsaying the very strong game Morristown put up.

The strength of this team when once it got together, and its chance of winning in the championship at Newport, was hinted at in these columns many weeks ago. Individually these men are strong in their positions, their ponies are of the best, and in doing good team-work they will invariably prove too much for either Meadow Brook or Rockaway on the present handicap. Nicoll played the game of his life on Thursday, while L. J. Francke was clever enough to take advantage of Taylor's weakness. Every member of both teams, in fact, played hard and well except Taylor, who seemed lost to the world—certainly to the game. Hitchcock outplayed his own form, and was on the ball all the time. Belmont has no equal at No. 1, although some of the others are coming up considerably. The training of the Morristowns and their fresh ponies was evident by their playing even harder in the third period than in the first.

On Monday, while we are on the press, Morristown is playing the Myopia in the finals for teams of four. There is no comparison in the teams, the Myopias being much inferior. This week there will be matches between teams of three. What a great match it would be between Keene, Cowdin, and Stevens on one side, and Hitchcock, Belmont, and Bird on the other!

That project of the Yale football management which fell through last summer is likely to be brought to fruition this week and next. Walter Camp and Billy Bull are at Newport, and some others of the old coaches have been asked to lend a hand, while the summons of all the candidates for positions behind the line includes the Bliss brothers, Graves, Dyer, Norton, Butterworth, Richards (brother of Yale's old captain and half back), George Adler, Jun., and Captain McCormick. Yale evidently realizes that although her team last season was a winning one, and one of the best ever developed at New Haven, there was a weakness at the very foundation which only remarkable team play in other points could carry off. The Yale team, as I remarked many times last season, had no even average punter, and was therefore handicapped in every kicking game played. This year Captain McCormick has evidently determined to patch up that weakness at all costs, and the Newport practice is his first step. The old-time line men are not on the invitation list for this reason. Bull has undertaken the contract of teaching Wesleyan winning football, and it is more than likely that he will have some of his Middletown candidates down there.

The question of relative merit between *Lasca* and *Alcæa* cannot be said to be as yet settled. Both boats got out late in the season, and besides the necessary woes due to new sails, stiff gear, and untried trim, they labored under the difficulties arising from having to pick up their crews after the most experienced men had been shipped. The best work of neither vessel has been ascertained, and we look forward to the schooner race of the N. Y. Y. C. to settle the question. Thus far *Lasca* is much ahead in races won. This crew question, by-the-way, is the most difficult one for the large racing-boat owners to solve. In the small classes there is not so much trouble, for every racing yachtsman can easily recruit very fair material from among his friends who have graduated from catboats. When, however, it comes to shipping a crew for a large vessel, one is obliged to fall back on the "North Country" men, as the best of the New England coast fore-and-aft sailors go fishing in the summer and are unavailable. Now while the Scandinavians and North Germans are a strong, brave, and biddable people, they lack quickness and a certain personal recklessness which is very convenient sometimes in a hard race. In this matter the English have an advantage over us. There exists at Cowes, on the Clyde, and, to a lesser extent, at other English yachting ports, a specific class of yacht sailors who, coming originally of good sea-blood, with plenty of adventurous hard-weather work, whether in privateer or smuggler (in their traditions), have for a couple of generations, from boy to man, sailed exclusively in yachts, and are very deft in their business. In fact, there are many people who believe that the success of certain English boats in this country has been more a matter of crew than ships, and the argument is advanced that whenever these boats, such, for instance, as *Minerva*, have been handled by other than their original crews they have not been especially fast. We have no corresponding class in this country, and it requires half a summer for even a first-rate sailing master to get his crew in shape.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—With 31 Illustrations.—Price, $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

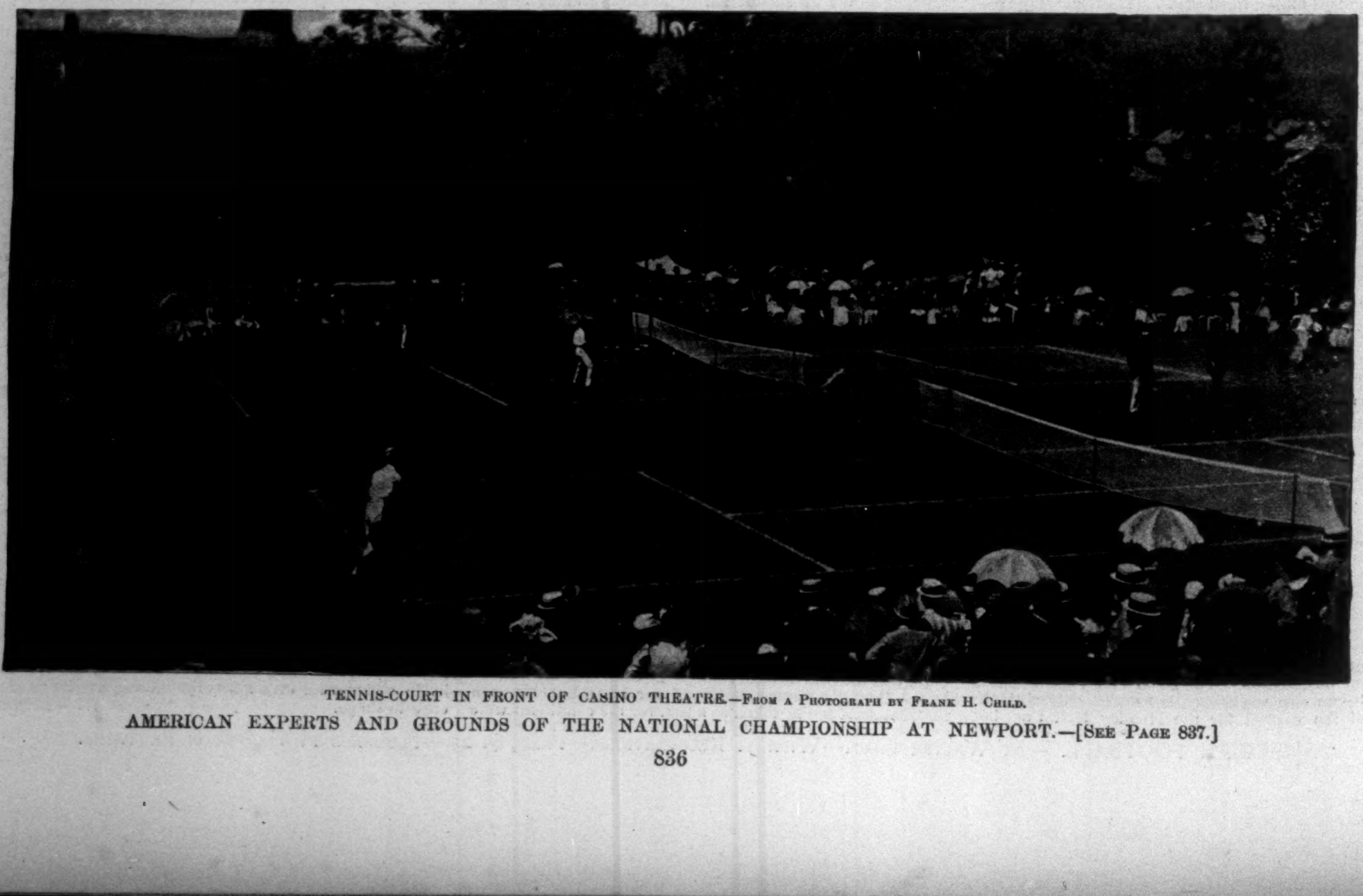
COAL CREEK MINERS AND THEIR LEADER, EUGENE MERRILL, IN CONFERENCE.—From a Photograph by McCrary & Branson.—[See Page 834.]

CLARENCE HOBART, Challenger in '91.

E. L. HALL, Winner at Nahant.

MALCOLM CHACE, Interscholastic Champion.

F. H. HOVEY, Intercollegiate Champion.



TENNIS-COURT IN FRONT OF CASINO THEATRE.—From a Photograph by Frank H. Child.

AMERICAN EXPERTS AND GROUNDS OF THE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT NEWPORT.—[See Page 837.]

WILFRED BADDELEY, Singles Champion.

AMERICAN *VS.* ENGLISH LAWN-TENNIS.

BY OLIVER S. CAMPBELL.

It has been said that most expert lawn-tennis players are born, not made. But whatever force there may have been in the statement as applied to prominent players in the United States, its application certainly lessens as we look at the best English experts who owe their success to patient, steady, and untiring practice.

It is a fact, however unpalatable it may be, that the Englishmen know more about the game than we do. If our ten best players were to go to England, and meet the ten best men respectively which Great Britain could produce, I think our experts would be beaten. Should their ten best men come here, the climatic changes would tend to equalize things to a certain degree, but still there would be a difference in the visitors' favor.

The first great distinction which is apt to strike an observing critic is the fact that many of the foremost English players belong to a more or less—usually more—leisure class. Many are wealthy, and not obliged to submit to the confinement of professional or commercial life, and able, therefore, to devote a good portion of their time to tennis. We have to work harder over here than they do there, and the average man can seldom do two things well simultaneously. The tennis attractions of Cannes or other places in the Riviera draw a far larger number of famed and enthusiastic British players than do any of our winter resorts. Considerable practice is thereby had during the winter and spring months, the result of which becomes apparent in the earlier competitions, as, for instance, the Irish championships held on the noted Fitzwilliam Square courts in Dublin the last week in May of each year. Compare the ages and present occupation of the prominent American experts of to-day with the like Britishers, and you will find that a very large percentage of our men—in fact, almost all, with scarcely an exception—are still either in college or in the professional schools, or but lately graduated, while the opposite is the case with our English rivals. Most of the English "cracks" also are considerably our seniors in point of age, which is thought to bring with it greater judgment, nerve, and possibly staying power.

JOSHUA PIM, Challenger.

A minor advantage which our friends the enemy have is the greater continuation of daylight in their latitude. They can play at least two hours longer than can we upon our parallel, and the advantage of this to those players who are in business may be readily taken into account.

There is one other underlying factor which might be easily overlooked, and that is the difference between what might be called the early athletic education of our school-boys and the British youngsters. The American small boy learns baseball and football, while the English youth, as a general rule, in addition to cricket, familiarizes himself with rackets—a sport somewhat similar in its nature to lawn-tennis. In this way tennis later comes more naturally to our young cousins across the water than it does to young America. Yet another reason to be considered is that of climate and its effect on the players of one country on the courts of another. An American cannot do so well abroad as he can at home, and an Englishman plays worse tennis here than he does on his native heath.

In the technique of the game the two most apparent differences are, first, that the Englishmen are better "getters" than we are; and second, that, as a rule, they hit the ball harder, getting more pace onto it than do the average of our experts. You do not see so many inexcusable misses of comparatively simple shots in England as you do here, and when one man wins a point, he usually has to do it on his own good winning stroke, and not on his opponent's bad play.

Again, the most important elements of the popularity of lawn-tennis are the handicap tournaments, and the inter-club and inter-town matches.

The present singles champion of England is Mr. Wilfred Baddeley, who last year, in conjunction with his brother Herbert, held the doubles also. This year the brothers were unable to hold the honor against E. W. Lewis and H. S. Barlow, the challengers. The successful career of the brothers Baddeley is as much due to their imperturbable perseverance as it is to their exceptional ability.

E. W. LEWIS, Champion in Doubles, Runner up in Singles.

For at least six years E. W. Lewis, one of the present championship pair, has been among the foremost of the English experts. Three times, viz., in 1886, 1888, and this present year has he reached the finals of the "All England" championship tournament, only to meet with defeat in the concluding match, yielding once to Lawford, then to Ernest Renshaw, and last month to Pim. Lewis is twenty-five years old, has several times won the championship of Ireland in both singles and doubles, while the quantity of local championships he holds is too numerous to mention. H. S. Barlow also is one of the top rank of the British players. For years he has come out near the head of the English championships, having twice gotten into the finals of the singles and once into the finals of the doubles. He is one of the most steady and consistent performers among the English cracks.

Joshua Pim, of whom all tennis enthusiasts have heard, was last year the runner-up in the Wimbledon tournament; this year he takes a step further, and his admirers hope next season to see him at the topmost rung of the ladder of tennis fame. In doubles he has always stood well, winning the "All Comers" in 1890, and being with H. S. Mahony the runners-up this year when they were beaten by Lewis and Barlow. Pim's style is probably unequalled for ease and power combined, and he appears to be playing almost carelessly even when he is trying his hardest.

HERBERT BADDELEY, Ex-Champion in Doubles.

Certainly no mention, even the very briefest, of the English experts would be complete without the name of Renshaw. For years the brothers, William and Ernest, stood at the head of the expert tennis-players of the world, until the very name was synonymous of all most skilful and scientific in the game. At different times they have either together or individually won every competition of any account in the United Kingdom, and for seven years they held the double championship of England. For seven years, also, did William Renshaw remain the singles champion, and once Ernest Renshaw attained this supreme pinnacle of tennis fame. Possessed of comfortable fortunes, they followed the game constantly and enthusiastically and for the pure love of it. At present William Renshaw has rather disappeared from public gaze, being apparently, as he grows older, rather more inclined to a less exhaustive pastime. Ernest Renshaw, however, still follows the game, and after being temporarily out of public competition, in May last astonished his friends by regaining the Irish championship once more over E. W. Lewis, the previous holder. He did not enter at Wimbledon in June, evidently believing, and I think rightly, that the terrible strain of the competition was not worth the possible eventual success to a man who had already attained all the honors, and whom others in very rare cases may approach, but never exceed. These portraits are produced by the courtesy of *Pastime*.

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THE OCEAN OBSERVATORY.

BY GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH.

THE small square observatory situated upon a dreary waste of sand about two hundred feet back from the ocean is generally so overshadowed by the tall light-house at Fire Island that many summer visitors fail to inspect its interior; and yet from many points of view this wooden building is of vital importance to the whole country. From its small lookout tower messages are daily telegraphed to New York which concern the whole shipping world; and in the summer months, when ocean travel is at its height, thousands are eagerly waiting for the messages which come from this ocean observatory to the principal office of the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York.

A queer and curious life is spent here, differing in detail and monotony from life in the light-houses, life-saving stations, or on the light-ships. In the summer-time life is made gay and pleasant by the numerous crowds that resort to Fire Island beach to seek immunity from the hot waves that make city life almost unbearable. But in the winter months the place is lonely and dreary, and the sole occupant of the observatory must find such diversions as his work and imagination can afford. His only company on the beach is the life-saving crew and the light-house keeper; but his work is so exacting that most of his time must be spent at his post. The light-house keeper has his lamps to trim and oil, and in the night-time to see that they are kept burning; but beyond this he has ample time to do whatsoever he will. The life-saving crews have their regular beats to make and their dangerous work to perform in time of storms, but three-quarters of their life on the beach is forced idleness.

The keeper of the observatory is different, however, and his duties are far more exacting, both in summer and winter. So trained and skilled is he that another cannot take his place satisfactorily when he is absent. The observatory must then be closed, for no assistant has yet been trained to report vessels accurately, and the lonely observer has the matter entirely in his own hands. Others may notify him that a vessel is approaching, but it takes his own trained eye and skilful knowledge to distinguish her name, and send an accurate report to New York.

The ocean observatory is about forty feet high, and the tower is built in the form of a pyramid, with rows of windows running along on either face. The observing-room is on the very top of the tower, and telephone and telegraphic instruments are placed here for the use of the keeper. Maps, charts, and signal codes hang on the walls or are spread open on the table. The whole room is fitted up somewhat after the style of a captain's office; but one peculiarity of the decoration on the walls is that every well-known ocean steamer is depicted in miniature on paper. These pictures are fitting decorations on the wall, for it is to report the arrival of the ocean steamers that the observatory is erected.

Inaccurate reports of incoming vessels from this observatory might lead to grave consequences. Several times rumors from various sources have been published about the loss or disabling of some ocean steamer, but invariably they were not confirmed by the observer at Fire Island. So accurate (only one mistake has been made by the present observer) are the reports from this observatory that implicit confidence is placed in them by the public. Should the report come over the wires that the *City of Paris* or any other large steamer had been wrecked, the city papers would give immediate credit to the story; but if the news came from any other source along the coast, there would be some doubts in the minds of the editors. Recent illustrations of this can be recalled. The reported foundering of the *City of Rome* last winter off the New England coast was considered a "fake" by some of the city papers at once. But several years ago, when the thrilling words came over the wires from the Fire Island observatory, "Steamer *Oregon* sunk. Passengers all on board the *Fulda*. All well," there was an immediate scramble in every newspaper office on Park Row. Special correspondents were despatched to Fire Island by the very next train, and no thought of disbelieving the news entered the minds of the conservative editors of New York's dailies.

So much for the name and accuracy of the observer at Fire Island, whose skilful training has made him invaluable in the service. That skill and training are necessary for the work are apparent when the methods by which vessels are distinguished are considered. In ordinary weather, and when the steamer is well inshore, the work is not difficult, for the observer can tell easily by means of the lights at night and by the flags in the daytime. But the recent craze for making rapid voyages across the ocean has a tendency to make the captains keep farther and farther from the shore, and some of them in fair weather pass Fire Island only near enough to enable the observer to get a glimpse of them through his powerful glasses. Colors are not easily distinguishable at such a distance, and the observer often has to rely upon other signs, such as the general shape and rig of the steamer, the position of the smoke-stacks and life-boats, the kind of smoke that comes from her furnaces, and other marks which he is very familiar with. Most of the vessels on foggy and stormy nights are from fifteen to eighteen miles out from the beach, and the skill and training required to distinguish at such times are greatly manifolded. Rocket-signalling is not always effectual on very foggy nights, and the steam-whistle often has to be resorted to.

So accustomed has the observer become to the general appearance of the ocean steamers that his powers of distinguishing vessels are almost preternatural. He knows the kind of coal every steamer burns, and consequently the amount and color of the smoke which comes from the furnace. Owing to this fact, he can often report a steamer when only the outline of the smoke is to be seen upon the horizon, and no other signs of the vessel are yet in sight. Another method by which he tells the line to which a vessel belongs is the angle of approach. Every line of steamers running between Europe and New York has its particular course, and the observer knows immediately whether the approaching steamer belongs to the Cunard, White Star, or any other line, as soon as visible.

From his lonely observatory the keeper has abundant opportunities to study the steamers, and every tramp steamer, sailing vessel, and tug that appears on the ocean near Fire Island is known to him. His keenness of vision completely demoralizes those who visit his observatory and imagine that they have powerful and accurate eyes.

THE PASSING OF THE COAST FISHERMAN.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

BEFORE the Jersey coast was given over almost entirely to the summer cottages, and when there were more yellow sand stretches than there were lawns, there lived on the wave-swept edge of the Atlantic a class of men who now, as a class, have almost passed away. They were the coast fishermen. Distinctively Jerseymen, in that they were long, lean, and angular, they lived out their lives in their shanties, and raised numerous children, who grew up as sunbrowned as tanned leather, to carry on the work where they laid it down. They were a humble, simple lot, whose wants were few and easily supplied. As a result, when the fishing season was good, it was a wildly improvident fisherman who did not find a few dollars in his hoard when the fall storms tore things up along the beach. They were a social lot—among themselves—but they kept clannish, and looked with suspicion on the stranger or intruder.

Their mode of fishing was simple, nothing could be more so. Each man owned his sea skiff or dory—a small light craft, extremely sharp, and with the bow rising so high out of water as to cut through the highest of the incoming swell. From three to ten miles out to sea they fished with hook and line for the most part. A few—aristocrats they were among the others—had gill nets, which they anchored in the path of incoming schools of fish. A day's work amounted to anything from a boat-load down to nothing. They came flying in, with their one small sail set, anywhere from noon to three o'clock.

Running the surf—that is getting in and out of the breakers—was one of the accomplishments which they learned as children. How well they were taught is evidenced by the fact that very few accidents ever occurred in the surf. When such casualties did occur, they were laid to the breaking of an oar or an accident to the oarlock.

They formed combinations, not against one another, but to the general benefit. They combined to build ice-houses, and buy ice, where the catches of fish were stored until there was enough to make a shipment worth the while.

Those were the coast fishermen of the other days. The fish were plenty then as compared with now, and during the running season catches of weakfish and blue-fish were plentiful. It was four or five years ago that some enterprising Yankee genius who knew a bit about fishing, and more about the habits of fish, went in for catching them by the wholesale. This genius knew that the fish, in migrating north, as a rule, kept close up the coast-line, in order that they might feed as they travelled. Why not, he reasoned, catch them in big nets from which there was no escape. The result were the pound-nets along the New Jersey coast. They begin about 300 feet from the surf, and are strung out on poles as far as the end of the sand-bars. At the end heavy poles are set so as to form a circular trap, and wings are run at right angles toward the shore. So cunning and clever are these traps that there is no escape for the fish, who first noses against the obstruction, and then runs seaward in the attempt to escape.

The first year the pounds did such work that the coast fisherman began to complain. But his plaint was useless, and he has degenerated as a class. There were over 4000 coast men a few years ago. To-day there are only about 600, and they are broken up and scattered. The largest colony is at Seabright, one of the former strongholds, and it was only last year that a disastrous fire nearly wiped them off the face of the earth.

All along the coast the remnants are scattered, a few here and a few there. Their skiffs straggle out to sea, and straggle back again; but the good old times are gone, and their children, instead of waiting for the heritage of sea skiff and gill net, are looking for new occupations.

The pounds are fine affairs for catching fish; there can be no doubt about that. Fifty thousand pounds a day is not such an unusual catch for one pound, and as many as 200,000 pounds of weakfish have been taken in two days. When it is known that there are twenty-three of these pounds along the fifty miles of coast between Sandy Hook and Barnegat, it is comparatively easy to estimate how many fish are taken.

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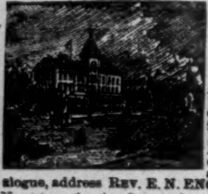

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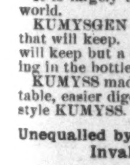

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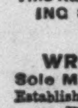

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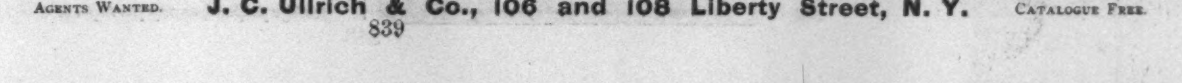

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